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SEVEN CHANCES

By ROI COOPER MEGRUE



FRENCH'S STANDARD LIBRARY EDITION

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th St., New York

Pollyanna

The glad play, by Catherine Chisholm Cushing, after the novel by Eleanor H. Porter. 5 males, 6 females. 2 interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours. An orphan girl is thrust into the home of a maiden aunt. In spite of the trials that beset her, she manages to find something to be glad about, and brings light into sunless lives. Finally Pollyanna straightens out the love affairs of her elders, and finds happiness for herself in Jimmy. "Pollyanna" gives a better appreciation of people and the world. It reflects the humor and humanity that gave the story such wonderful popularity among young and old.

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"Silly" Bill fell in love with Lola, the "Baby-Talk Lady," a vapid little flirt. To woo her in a manner worthy of himself (and of her) he steals his father's evening clothes. When his wooings become a nuisance to the neighborhood, his mother steals them back, and has them let out to fit the middle-aged form of her husband, thereby keeping William at home.

But when it comes to the "Baby-Talk Lady's" good-bye dance, not to be present was unendurable. Now William again gets the dress suit, and how he wears it at the party, and Genesis discloses the fact that the proud garment is in reality his father's makes up the story of the play.

"Seventeen" is a work of exquisite human sympathy and delicious humor. Royalty, \$25.00. Price, 75 cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed
Free on Request

SEVEN CHANCES

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A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

BY

ROI COOPER MEGRUE

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"Seven Chances"

OCT 28 '24

The following is a copy of the playbill of the first performance of "SEVEN CHANCES," as produced at the George M. Cohan Theatre, New York.

David Belasco Presents

"SEVEN CHANCES"

A New Comedy in Three Acts

By ROI COOPER MEGRUE

Produced at the George M. Cohan Theatre, N. Y., Tuesday Evening, Aug. 8, 1916

THE CAST

(Characters in the order of their appearance)

EARL GODDARD	<i>Hayward Ginn</i>
JOE SPENCE	<i>Rowland Lee</i>
RALPH DENBY	<i>Charles Brokate</i>
HENRY GARRISON	<i>Harry Leighton</i>
GEORGE	<i>Allan Thomas</i>
BILLY MEEKIN	<i>Otto Kruger</i>
JIMMIE SHANNON	<i>Frank Craven</i>
MRS. GARRISON	<i>Marion Abbott</i>
ANNE WINDSOR	<i>Carroll McComas</i>
IRENE TREVOR	<i>Beverly West</i>
GEORGIANNA GARRISON	<i>Helen MacKellar</i>
LILLY TREVOR	<i>Anne Meredith</i>
PEGGY WOOD	<i>Emily Callaway</i>
FLORENCE JONES	<i>Florence Deshon</i>
BETTY WILLOUGHBY	<i>Alice Carroll</i>

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I. *In the Club, Wednesday afternoon, May 6th.*

ACT II. *In the Club, Thursday, after dinner.*

ACT III. *Outside the Club—the same night.*

Play produced under the personal supervision of David Belasco.

The author is indebted for a suggestion in a short story by Gouverneur Morris.

To
THAT GRACIOUS, LOVELY LADY
WHO IS BOTH
MY BEST AUDIENCE—AND MY MOTHER!

THE CHARACTERS
(In the order of their appearance)

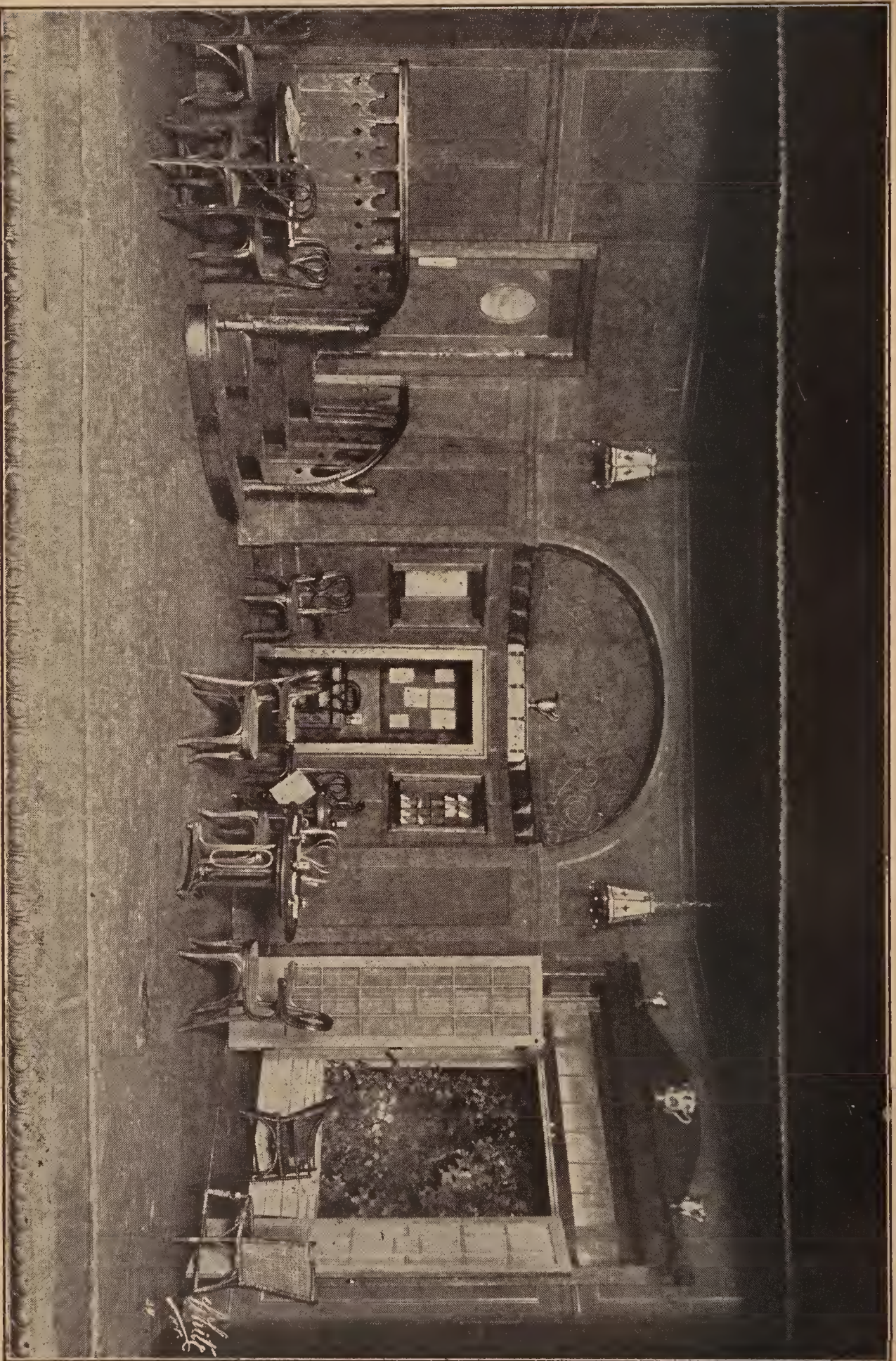
EARL GODDARD	MRS. GARRISON
JOE SPENCE	ANNE WINDSOR
RALPH DENBY	IRENE TREVOR
HENRY GARRISON	GEORGIANNA GARRISON
GEORGE	LILLY TREVOR
BILLY MEEKIN	PEGGY WOOD
JIMMIE SHANNON	FLORENCE JONES
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SEVEN CHANCES

ACT I

SCENE: *Inside the Club, Wednesday afternoon, May 6th.*

(At rise GODDARD and JOE are sitting at table L., playing mush; they play twice and JOE speaks.)

JOE. Ah!

GODDARD. Well, I'm out, Joe.

JOE. Hang it—I certainly thought I was going to win that time.

GODDARD. Well, unlucky at cards, you know.

JOE. Yes, but that's darned poor consolation for a dollar and a half.

GODDARD. I wonder where everybody is today.

(RALPH is heard whistling off R.)

JOE. All over at the polo game, I guess.

(RALPH enters from bar R.)

RALPH. Hello, boys.

GODDARD. *(Turns to see who it is)* Hello, Ralph.

RALPH. Have a little drink? *(Goes to back of table L.C.)*

GODDARD. No, thanks.

JOE. *(Shaking his head)* It's too early for a

cocktail. (*Goes up to mail box and takes out letter.*)

RALPH. (*Sitting on arm of chair back of table L.C.*) Never too early. Come on, let's split a small pint—imprisoned laughter of the peasant girls of France. (*Laughs.*)

GODDARD. Say, Ralph, have you ever heard that when you're drinking—if you take a spoonful of olive oil it'll keep you sober?

RALPH. Sure, I've heard it. (*Rises.*)

JOE. (*Coming down R.C.*) Then why on earth don't you try it?

RALPH. I'm afraid it might work. (*And whistling he goes out L.*)

JOE. (*Looking at letter*) Lord, I'm posted again!

GARRISON. (*Enters R.C. with umbrella, puts hat on telephone table and umbrella against wall back of table*) Hello, boys.

JOE. Hello, Mr. Garrison.

GODDARD. (*Playing solitaire*) How are you, Garri?

GARRISON. Don't ask me—that trip from town is the worst in the world—every day I take it I wish I lived in the city. (*Comes down to chair L. of table and sits.*)

GODDARD. Well, why don't you live there?

GARRISON. Because my wife likes the country—you know that.

GODDARD. What's the trouble, old man?

GARRISON. The Court of Appeals gives me a fearful pain.

GODDARD. It'd worry 'em awfully if they knew it.

GARRISON. Oh, it's all right for you to laugh—resting around on your two weeks' vacation—leaving me all the hard work at the office.

GODDARD. From your attitude, I take it, it was the Stuyvesant case we lost today.

GARRISON. You take it right.

GODDARD. Well, I told you we'd get beaten—it was a bad claim.

GARRISON. There you go with your “I told you so!” You're getting more like my wife every day.

GODDARD. Go on, be grouchy, Joe. I wouldn't know my esteemed partner if he thought anything was ever right—but I like your grouches, Garri—I even like you.

GARRISON. That's it, joke—you didn't have to run around all afternoon shopping for a lot of silly rubbish—my wife has more wants than the Sunday Herald.

GODDARD. (*Looking at watch*) Still you managed to catch the 4:10.

GARRISON. Well, I had to run to get it.

GODDARD. What would your wife say?

GARRISON. What would she say? She'd say, “Garri, you're always complaining that you have to work so hard—yet you can leave town an hour earlier to spend it at that old club of yours. If you'd devote more time to your business, and less to your club, you'd be far more successful!” That's what she'd say—only she'd take an hour to say it.

GODDARD. Nonsense—Mrs. Garrison is a very charming woman.

GARRISON. Yes, if you're not married to her.

GODDARD. Come, now, Garri, you know you love her.

GARRISON. Now listen—if we go to the theatre—“Have I remembered the tickets—and I must wear my light coat, there's a chill in the air!” If I have a cold—“I mustn't forget my aspirin.” If I take a drink—“Isn't it bad for my rheumatism?” If I play golf—“Won't I get my feet wet!” Why, this morning when I left the house it looked like rain—“Where were my rubbers—I must be sure and take my umbrella!” There's the damned thing now—it never even showered.

GODDARD. I'll bet Mrs. Garrison has her side, too.

GARRISON. You win.

(RALPH *knocks against door L., crosses to R.C.*)

GODDARD. There he is again.

GARRISON. Oh, there's always one in every club.

RALPH. (*Turning and recognizing a new victim in GARRISON*) Oh, hello, Garri— (*Down R.C.*) Oh, say, I've really got a new one this time—there were two fellows going out to shoot ducks— Have you heard it?

GODDARD. (*Turning in his chair to him*) Yes—but not for twenty years.

RALPH. (*Disappointed*) Oh! (*Exits whistling into bar R.*)

GARRISON. I hate to see a young chap like that drink in the afternoon. You boys have a cocktail?

JOE. Thanks.

GARRISON. What'll you have? (*Presses button under table.*)

JOE. Bronx.

(GEORGE *enters R.*)

GODDARD. Me, too.

GARRISON. Three Bronx—but not too much orange. (GEORGE *exits R.*)

MEEKIN. (*Enters R.C. with folded newspaper in his hand*) Hello, boys. (*Comes down and slaps GODDARD on the back with a folded newspaper which he carries. All greet him.*) Jimmie been around?

ALL. No.

MEEKIN. Confound it. I want to see him.

JOE. Why—anything the matter with Yukon Ore?

MEEKIN. No—no! I was just wondering when the Meyers are going to announce they've taken over



"SEVEN CHANCES"



the option. I tried to get Jimmie on the 'phone to-day, but I couldn't reach him.

GARRISON. Couldn't reach him?

MEEKIN. Oh, he's probably out enjoying himself somewhere—I'm going to lecture him—he takes things too blamed easily.

JOE. Sit down, Meek.

MEEKIN. (*Brings down chair from telephone table and sits back of table between JOE and GODDARD*) You know, our firm is carrying a lot of that stock—all on Jimmie's tip. Yukon went down a point today.

GARRISON. It did?

JOE. (*Rises*) A point—I'm out a hundred dollars.

MEEKIN. Well, we're out nearly two thousand dollars—but watch it shoot up tomorrow—watch it shoot up next week.

JIMMIE. (*Enters R.*) Hello, boys.

GARRISON. (*Sees him first*) Hello, Jimmie.

JOE. Glad to see you.

GODDARD. Ah, there you are at last.

MEEKIN. Say, Jimmie, what do you know about Yukon?

JIMMIE. Nothing new, I guess.

GARRISON. It's off a point.

JIMMIE. (*Comes down to back of GODDARD at table*) I know it is—but within three days it's going up—way up—just as soon as the Meyers announce they've bought it.

MEEKIN. What did I tell you?

JIMMIE. Great Scott, you fellows aren't worrying, are you? You don't think I'd let you in on anything unless I was absolutely positive?

JOE. (*Crossing over to JIMMIE L.C.*) You still think it's all right?

JIMMIE. Surest ever.

JOE. Well, I'm worried—I'm out a hundred dollars. Say, what are you going to do about it?

JIMMIE. What do you want me to do?

JOE. Well, you put us in.

JIMMIE. Well, I'll get you out—I'll take the stock off your hands.

JOE. You will?

JIMMIE. Sure.

JOE. Well, I guess I'd better keep mine. (*Crosses L. and sits in chair down L.*)

JIMMIE. I tell you—I got the tip straight from old man Meyer—you know what he stands for.

MEEKIN. Great old man.

JIMMIE. Yes, but every time I talk to Meyer I realize how much more intelligent I am than he is.

GARRISON. I dislike hearing a young man earning forty dollars a week——

JIMMIE. Fifty.

GARRISON. Well, fifty—talking as if he knew more than his boss—it sounds so infernally conceited.

JIMMIE. It's more than conceited—it's true—still, I have no reputation and he has—it's a fact he made it in 1860, but he still has it. You see, his ideas are all wrong—my scheme is every now and then to do something big—something brilliant—and between times let that something earn oodles of money for you.

MEEKIN. But that isn't the way to succeed.

JIMMIE. Why, you take any one of our big American millionaires—he comes home from a four months' stay in Europe—takes a hasty look around—"Why not put a railroad through Yucatan?" Why not? He thinks of the idea in ten seconds, tells George to do it, rubs his hands, says, "Thank God, that's built!" and goes abroad for another six months.

MEEKIN. But just remember that you're not one of our American millionaires.

JIMMIE. There I must admit, Meek, you are absolutely and unfortunately right. (*Crosses to chair vacated by JOE. GEORGE enters with drinks.*) Gee, it must be great, though, to do things—big things—not just pike along. (*During the following GEORGE places three cocktails L. of GODDARD. MEEKIN passes GARRISON'S drink over to GARRISON, puts check on table, then crosses back of table to JOE, who takes drink and GEORGE exits L.*)

GARRISON. But it's the fellow who pikes along that eventually *does* do big things.

JIMMIE. Rot—it's only brains that count. Take that steel chap, Hollister—how much did he ever plod?

MEEKIN. Well, he's an exception.

JIMMIE. That's what I want to be.

GODDARD. Drink, Jimmie?

JIMMIE. No, thanks. (*Sits.*) Hollister was at the office the other day. Waiting to see Meyer, he got talking to me. "That's rather a bright-looking office-boy you've got." "Yes," I said; "he's a dandy kid—pity he can't go to college—he'd make a great lawyer—he's so fond of it." "Why don't we send him?" said Hollister—and he did. Think of being able to do things like that. Think of being able to carry out your own ideas—that's all that's worth while. Now, I have ideas—but who'd listen to them—nobody. Why, I'll bet that even you, Meek, are worrying over Yukon.

MEEKIN. Oh—no—I'm not. It's just that that money means a whole lot to me right now.

GODDARD. Marriage, eh, Meeky?

MEEKIN. No, not marriage. Mother! You see, she wants me to get out of stocks and get into something where your nerves aren't all frazzled at the edges, where you can act like a human being at night,

instead of worrying your head off waiting for the market to open in the morning.

GODDARD. She wants you to get into something legitimate, eh?

MEEKIN. Exactly—I haven't had a chance to tell you yet, Jim, but here's the scheme. If I can make this clean-up I can afford to quit temporarily, and then, to celebrate, mother and I are going to take the car and go around the world.

JIMMIE. Fine—she'd love it.

MEEKIN. Wouldn't she, though—Hawaii, China, Japan, all that sort of thing—she's keen on it and so am I.

JIMMIE. How is she—haven't seen her in a week?

MEEKIN. Great—and as crazy as I am.

JIMMIE. Same as ever, then.

MEEKIN. Yes. (*Laughs.*) Listen—(*Leaning over table confidentially to them*)—last night I got in about two. I went in to kiss her good night, and I sat on the edge of the bed and we talked till quarter past four—now that's no way for a mother to behave.

JIMMIE. It certainly is not.

MEEKIN. But, gosh, I love it! Oh, by the way, if you fellows see her, don't say anything to her about Yukon—she's a bit worried now—of course she pretends she isn't—

JIMMIE. Oh, we understand.

MEEKIN. But you know how *mothers* are.

GODDARD. Sure—they're a pretty perfect institution.

MEEKIN. The best—— (*Stops.*) Don't you get me started again. I mustn't be sentimental. Words are so damned silly when you're trying to say what you really mean.

JIMMIE. (*Rises and comes c.*) You know, I envy you that trip.

MEEKIN. Come along.

JIMMIE. Can't afford it. You know, Meek, I hate plodding—an all-wise Providence intended that I should live merely to enjoy the club, and you fellows, and tennis, and golf, and motor boats, and automobiles—and money. I really was born to the purple.

MEEKIN. Haven't you forgotten the most important thing?

JIMMIE. Sure—my pipe.

MEEKIN. No—girls.

GARRISON. Girls—— Oh—— (*Turns away.*)

JIMMIE. Oh, I don't mind them in bunches—but one girl frightens me. You see, if you put two or three together, though, it rather cramps their style—they're so dead on to each other they don't dare be natural.

JOE. (*Rise, L. of GARRISON*) Nonsense—girls aren't man-hunters.

GARRISON. (*Turns to JOE*) Oh! Aren't they? Well, I tell you, my boy, marriage is all a woman lives for—till she's married—and then she lives joyously and gaily to deplore the fact that she didn't marry someone else; and that's about the one thing she and her husband ever do agree on.

(*JOE goes up and sits on edge of table L.—puts glass down.*)

MEEKIN. Nonsense! Garri, when I think how doggone happy mother was in her married life, I'm ready to burst right into matrimony—as soon as I can find the girl. I wonder who'd make a good wife for you, Jimmie?

JIMMIE. You're not drunk, are you, Meek?

MEEKIN. No, I'm dead serious.

GODDARD. Well, I've tried marriage and I love it.

GARRI. Why aren't you home, then, instead of leading this riotous life?

GODDARD. Because my wife's away motoring for a couple of days—otherwise you can wager I wouldn't be here.

JIMMIE. Oh, well, you're an exception.

GODDARD. I wonder if I am.

MEEKIN. Certainly you're not—there are lots of happy marriages.

JIMMIE. But where are the happy husbands?
(*Goes R. and gets key from rack R.*)

MEEKIN. Well, I mean to be one of them myself.

GODDARD. Bully for you!

GARRISON. Poor devil!

GODDARD. Oh, of course you, Garri, like to pretend that you're a misunderstood angel that never gets a night out.

MEEKIN. Why, if you had a night out you wouldn't know what to do with it.

GARRISON. Oh, wouldn't I? Say, look here, I'd stand Broadway on end and tip it over—don't tell me!

ALL. (*Ad lib.*) No, you wouldn't.

JIMMIE. Say—say—— (*Coming back to c.*)
What is all this—a pro-marriage lecture?

GODDARD. Just the same, marriage is maybe what you need, Jimmie, to make you *want* to hustle.

JIMMIE. That's the first time you've been right—marriage'd make me hustle like the devil on my present salary.

MEEKIN. Well, you need something to make you buck up and I'll bet marriage'd do it.

JIMMIE. Well, if matrimony is such a delightful institution, why don't you try it yourself?

MEEKIN. I'm going to.

JIMMIE. That's the idea—and I'll stand on the side lines and coach you when you make mistakes.

JOE. (*Coming down behind table L.*) But why

is it that a married man, even if he's rich, works harder and longer than a bachelor?

GARRISON. He'd rather stay at the office than go home.

JIMMIE. Right—and I shall never marry.

MEEKIN. The chap who talks like that is the first to fall.

JIMMIE. No, you're all wrong. What—give up my freedom—give up my bully bachelorhood for one girl and a wife at that—never. Anyhow, the kind of a girl I'd take wouldn't take me—somehow girls seem to think I'm homely.

GODDARD. (*Turns in his seat to JIMMIE*) Oh, I thought all that too once, but I tell you, Jim, when it hits you and she gets you, you're gone, you're sunk—and all your Broadways and bachelor days don't amount to a hang when she puts her arms around your neck and says, "I love you!"

JIMMIE. Sounds mushy to me.

GARRISON. Sentimental rubbish.

GODDARD. Well, I *am* happily married and I don't give a damn who knows it. (*MEEKIN goes up and gets letter from mail-box.*)

JIMMIE. Goddard, you don't feel that you're coming down with some dread disease, do you—sort of incipient delirium?

GODDARD. (*Rising*) I suppose I am wasting my time talking to a cynic like you. (*Crosses to table R., lights cigarette and picks up magazine.*)

JIMMIE. You bet you are. Grandfather's been after me for years to marry, so don't think you can succeed where he failed. (*MEEKIN comes back to seat.*) Meek, I warn you, if you wish to take me to dinner and the theatre afterwards—mind you, no girls—I'll be delighted.

MEEKIN. (*Bows*) I accept your kind invitation to let me pay your check.

JIMMIE. And, Meek, tomorrow's the day I go to the office.

MEEKIN. (*Sits*) What?

JIMMIE. Yes—it's ladies' day here.

GARRISON. Oh! (*Laughs.*)

JIMMIE. Can you see me—"Yes, Mrs. Jones, this is the snuggerly where we sit around and tell our stories—Mrs. Smith, can't I get you another dish of punch—Mrs. Filbert—another nut—let me find your partner for you?" No, boys, I'll mark my little old room vacant and stay in town until it's all over.

MEEKIN. Oh, go on upstairs and get dressed.

JIMMIE. I will. Just think, Goddard, think, if I were married I'd have to get leave of absence even to dine with Meek. Thank heaven I'm still a bachelor. (*He starts to exit as women's voices are heard from off up R. All men rise.*) Great Scott, there are women in the club, and it isn't tomorrow yet.

MEEKIN. But women can't come in here today.

JIMMIE. I know they can't, but they're here.

(*MRS. GARRISON'S voice is heard distinctly.*)

MRS. GARRISON. Nonsense, Anne, what are you talking about?

GARRISON. Great Scott, that's my wife's voice!

MEEKIN. Come to take you home. (*Crosses to R. Boys put smokes away, JOE puts glasses up L.*)

GARRISON. Then it's the end of a perfect day.

GODDARD. I'll protect you.

MRS. GARRISON. (*Enters R.C.*) Anyway, this is the last room. If we look in here—— (*Sees men.*) Gentlemen. (*Sees GARRISON and changes her tone to him.*) Garri, what are you doing here—the five-ten isn't in yet? (*Goes to back of table L.*)

GARRISON. No, I managed to get the four-ten to-day.

(ANNE enters R.C.)

JIMMIE. Well, hello, Anne—how are you?

ANNE. Splendid, Jimmie.

GODDARD. Miss Windsor, how do you do?

MRS. GARRISON. (*Turns to men*) You seem surprised to see us.

MEEKIN. Surprised—but delighted.

ANNE. Oh,—you don't know what on earth to do with us. (*She sits in chair L.C. and begins to make sketches.*)

JIMMIE. Well, as a matter of fact, you know, this is absolutely against club rules.

ANNE. We don't mind, do we, my dear?

MRS. GARRISON. Not in the least. (*Looking around.*) So this is the place that always makes my husband late for dinner.

JIMMIE. You know, Anne, this isn't a bit like you, butting in here at a man's club.

ANNE. That's just why I'm enjoying it so much—because I've never done it before.

GODDARD. You know, dear ladies, when the house committee hears of this, we'll probably all be suspended.

MRS. GARRISON. And a very good thing, too, for those of you who are married. (*Turns and glares at GARRISON.*)

JIMMIE. Anne, what are you doing here?

ANNE. Ask Mrs. Garrison. (*Sketches in pad.*)

GARRISON. I might have known, Anne, it was my wife's fault.

JOE. Well, good-bye, everybody. I must be running along. (*Crosses to R. and starts, but boys grab him and pull him back.*)

GODDARD. (*Stopping him*) You will not—you'll stay right here and share one-fifth of the responsibility.

ANNE. (*Rising*) Well, gentlemen, I suppose

you're waiting for us to justify our presence here—we were formally invited.

JIMMIE. (R.C.) You were invited?

MRS. GARRISON. (L.) Exactly.

GODDARD. Who invited you?

ANNE. The house committee.

JOE. The house committee?

JIMMIE. What did they invite you for?

ANNE. Oh, don't find fault with them—it's not just to annoy you—but merely to lend a helping hand for decorating the club for Ladies' Day tomorrow under Mrs. Garrison's chaperonage.

JIMMIE. Oh!

(GARRISON *goes up* L.C.)

ANNE. You know my business now—interior decoration.

MEEKIN. Then it's official. (*Crossing to ANNE C., then up C. to GARRISON.*)

MRS. GARRISON. (*Comes down L. of table L.*) Yes, you won't be suspended—more's the pity.

JOE. It's all right, then.

GODDARD. Welcome, ladies, on behalf of the club.

JIMMIE. Yes, we're delighted to have you. (*Winks at boys.*)

ANNE. So we've noticed.

GARRISON. Well, I'm going into the bar, where I doubt, my love, if even you will follow me. (*Crosses and exits R. into bar.*)

ANNE. We'll put the club colors in here, Mrs. Garrison. I've made my notes and sketches. We'll string the lights on a chain of buttercups and daisies.

JIMMIE. Buttercups and daisies!

ANNE. (*Going to door L. and looking out—MRS. GARRISON goes up L.C.*) We'll bring in that wicker furniture. Take that table out and all those chairs.

MRS. GARRISON. All those chairs, of course.

(JIMMIE puts cards up L., goes up to door R.C.)

ANNE. Pardon me. Oh, Mrs. Garrison.

MRS. GARRISON. Yes?

ANNE. You know that pennant we didn't know what to do with; we'll hang it up there.

(ANNE and MRS. GARRISON cross to R. and brush the men away to L.)

MRS. GARRISON. And the Superintendent has promised us all the lights and decorations that we want. Oh, you'll *change* the place quite a bit.

JIMMIE. (C.) The wrecking crew.

MRS. GARRISON. And as they won't have their trappings ready till morning, Anne, shall we go now?

MEEKIN. Now that you are officially guests of the club, mayn't we get you a lemonade or an ice?

JOE. Do let us, please.

GODDARD. It's quite charming out there on the veranda.

(GEORGE appears on veranda L. with golf-bag.)

MRS. GARRISON. (Crossing up to MEEKIN C.) Really, I've been waiting for you to ask us.

MEEKIN. We're not used to girls—here. (To GEORGE, who is on the veranda) Oh, George.

GEORGE. Yes, sir.

ANNE. I'll have an orangeade, thank you.

MRS. GARRISON. So will I.

MEEKIN. (To GEORGE) Two orangeades and—a couple of—you know. (Gives the rest of the order in an undertone, motions with his head for GEORGE to understand what he wants.)

MRS. GARRISON. (Crosses to door L.) Oh, as soon as we've gone I fancy my husband will emerge from the bar—please send him home.

(MRS. GARRISON, GODDARD, JOE and MEEKIN *go out chatting. JIMMIE starts toward R.*)

ANNE. Oh, Jimmie!

JIMMIE. (*Stops, indifferently*) Yes.

ANNE. Just a minute, Mrs. Garrison. I'll be out directly.

MRS. GARRISON. (*Off stage*) I'll wait for you, my dear—it's lovely.

MEEKIN. (*Off stage*) Try this chair.

GODDARD. (*Off stage*) Let me get you a cushion.

ANNE. (*Coming c.*) Jimmie, aren't you coming out to have an orangeade or an orange blossom?

JIMMIE. (*Coming down R.C.*) No—let Mrs. Garrison have all those—she loves butting in, doesn't she?

ANNE. So you do think we're butting in.

JIMMIE. Of course—don't you think you are?

ANNE. Most assuredly—so that's not open to further argument.

JIMMIE. No—that makes it unanimous. You look awfully well today.

ANNE. I am.

JIMMIE. I love that dress.

ANNE. I've loved it for years—four years.

(GEORGE *enters R. with orangeade and puts it on table and exits L.*)

JIMMIE. Four years—must have done something to it—it looks brand new.

ANNE. It's meant to—but really it's an old, old favorite.

JIMMIE. There's your drink, Anne.

ANNE. Thank you. (ANNE *crosses to table, sits and puts drink aside.*)

JIMMIE. What's the matter—don't you want an orangeade?

ANNE. No—I stayed behind to talk to you.

JIMMIE. To me?

ANNE. Oh, don't be flattered—I just wanted to ask you to——

JIMMIE. To play tennis?

ANNE. No, to play fair. Jimmie, why have you been so rude—why don't you cut it out?

JIMMIE. (*Perplexed*) I—rude? I was never rude in my life, Anne.

ANNE. Two weeks ago I asked you for a four-some—you never showed up. Thursday night you came to dinner—you were an hour late. Last week you invited me to the theatre—you forgot all about it.

JIMMIE. (*Crossing to R.C.*) But don't you understand—a man has so many things to think of.

ANNE. (*Rises and comes to chair R. of table and sits on arm*) Jimmie, but why have you been so—well, so impolite?

JIMMIE. Why, it's just that I've been busy and delayed.

ANNE. I know a husband who, when he isn't coming home to dinner, invariably telephones his wife to say how sorry he is. You'd never do that—you'd stroll in three hours after soup and say, "Were you worried? You might have known it was business that kept me!"

JIMMIE. Very likely—but then, you see, I have no wife that I have to telephone to.

ANNE. Ah, but you may marry.

JIMMIE. Never.

ANNE. (*Rises, quizzically*) Never?

JIMMIE. (*Worried*) Never!

ANNE. Oh, you have relieved me! Well, anyhow, I warn you, if you want to stay in my good graces, you'll have to reform and take up the telephone habit.

JIMMIE. I will reform—from now on I'll be as polite as a—Frenchman.

ANNE. Very well.

JIMMIE. What's your telephone number?

ANNE. One—one—three.

JIMMIE. One—one—three; one—one—three. I'll try and remember that.

ANNE. The past's forgiven and we'll begin anew.

JIMMIE. (*Shakes hands*) That's agreed.

ANNE. And—as a reward—you may come to dinner tonight.

JIMMIE. Fine!

ANNE. (*Goes up L.*) Seven-thirty sharp, mind you.

JIMMIE. (*Starts up*) Oh, I can't.

ANNE. (*Turns*) Oh!

JIMMIE. No—no—I'm dining with Meekin.

ANNE. Important?

JIMMIE. Oh, no. I just said I would, though.

ANNE. (*Comes toward him*) Can't you put him off? Couldn't you make it tomorrow?

JIMMIE. I shouldn't like to break a date with Meekin.

ANNE. Oh, Jimmie, you're hopeless—but you're so gloriously blind I can't help liking you even now.

JIMMIE. I don't understand.

ANNE. No, I didn't think you would or I shouldn't have said what I did.

JIMMIE. Now what have I done?

ANNE. You dine with Meekin five nights a week—and yet you couldn't put him off this once—you, who were going to be so polite, so considerate.

JIMMIE. I didn't realize—I'll be at your house at seven-thirty.

ANNE. Indeed you won't.

JIMMIE. Yes, I will.

ANNE. No, you won't—not if I never eat again. Jimmie, there is a limit and I believe you're it—run along to your Meek.

JIMMIE. There doesn't seem to be anything I can say.

ANNE. I agree with you—and really, really, I *am* cross with you now.

JOE. (*Entering*) Mrs. Garrison, it was charming of you to come and see us.

MRS. GARRISON. (*Enters, followed by GODDARD, MEEKIN and JOE*) I thank you so much. Anne, dear, I must go.

ANNE. I've been chatting with Jimmie.

MEEKIN. We hope you'll both drop in soon again.

MRS. GARRISON. Thanks. We'll consider it.

JIMMIE. You're quite sure I can't come at seven-thirty?

ANNE. Quite—good-bye, everybody.

ALL. Good-bye.

(*GODDARD goes out with MRS. GARRISON and MEEKIN. ANNE stops at door when JIMMIE speaks. JOE crosses at back to R.C. and exits.*)

JIMMIE. Well, I'll see you soon, then, Anne.

ANNE. (*Stops at door*) Possibly, but I may be out of town—I'm doing a place for some people in the country.

JIMMIE. But aren't you going to stay over for Ladies' Day?

ANNE. (*Comes to up c.—tenderly*) Does it matter?

JIMMIE. Well, of course, I won't be here. I was just thinking of the decorations.

ANNE. Oh, as I said, I've planned out everything. And I can leave the rest to Mrs. Garrison—good-bye, Jimmie.

JIMMIE. Good-bye. (*Goes R.*)

ANNE. Good-bye. (*Exits L.*)

ALL. (*Off stage*) Good-bye.

GODDARD. (*Entering L.*) Good-bye, Miss Wind-

sor. Come along, Meek. (*Comes down to R. of table L.*) This club's getting to be quite a place—let's have the ladies here every day.

JIMMIE. (R.) Yes—you know, I don't think we were as polite to them as we should have been.

GODDARD. Oh, they'll make allowances. (*Sits in chair R. of table L.*)

MEEKIN. (*Enters L. and comes to JIMMIE up C.*) Well, they're off. Oh, Anne said to tell you that it was mighty thoughtful of you to see them off—I said you hadn't, but she said to tell you anyway—and you'd understand.

JIMMIE. Yes, I do. (*Exits R.*)

MEEKIN. Something happened?

JOE. (*Enters R.C.*) Here are the evening papers at last. Here you are, Meek. Want a paper? (*He gives GODDARD and MEEKIN a paper each, and goes to table L. and opens his paper on table.*)

GODDARD. Ah, thank you, Joe. (*Looking at paper. With one mind they all turn over to the stock page.*)

MEEKIN. I wonder how Yukon closed.

GODDARD. Well, we'll soon see.

JOE. (*Bending over his paper at table L. anxiously*) Why, it went down a point and a half. (*Turns to MEEKIN.*) You said only a point.

MEEKIN. That's what it was at half-past two—I didn't wait for the closing.

JOE. I'm stuck a hundred and fifty dollars—three weeks' salary!

GODDARD. (*Reading*) Hello! Say, fellows, listen to this: "After the market closed, there was an authentic rumor that Meyer & Co. had practically secured control of Yukon ore.

MEEKIN. (C. *Rise*) Great! It's all right, then. Watch it boom tomorrow.

JOE. (*Anxiously*) But it ought to have had a rise today, oughtn't it? I wish I'd never gone into it. (*Goes up L.*)

MEEKIN. Gee whiz! Look! Last column! (To GODDARD—hands him paper and points to last column.)

GODDARD. (Reading) Whew!

JOE. (Comes to back of them) What's happened?

GODDARD. Jimmie's grandfather—killed motoring.

JOE. Great Scott!

MEEKIN. (Bending over GODDARD'S arm, reading paper) It happened yesterday—the old man was touring in France—broken steering-knuckle—over the cliff—fractured skull.

JOE. What'll it mean to Jimmie?

GODDARD. He had millions—heaps of 'em!

JOE. Oh, gosh! (Sinks in chair back of table.)

MEEKIN. Why, it's one of the big fortunes.

JOE. And does it all go to Jimmie?

MEEKIN. I'm sure he'll get a big slice.

JOE. Is there any other heir?

MEEK. No—Jimmie's the last of the Shannons.

GODDARD. (Rise) By Jove, where's Garrison?

MEEKIN. What's he got to do with it?

GODDARD. Why, you know we were the old man's lawyers.

MEEKIN. Of course.

GODDARD. And Garri himself drew up the will. (Crosses to R.)

MEEKIN. (Catching him by the arm) But it's all right for Jimmie—he isn't cut off?

GODDARD. No, no, but we must get Garri—he'll remember the facts better than I do. He was pretty close to old Shannon, you know. (Up to door R.) Oh, Garri—Garri!

MEEKIN. Think of it—millions! Gee, I'm damn glad it's Jimmie! (Goes R.)

JOE. (Rises) So am I.

GARRISON. (Entering R.) Oh, they've left—

Well, then, boys, I'm off to the joys of home life now—damn 'em!

MEEKIN. Come here, Garri—read this.

GARRISON. (*Coming down to L. of MEEKIN*) What is it now?

MEEKIN. Look—last column. (*Hands him paper, points to last column. GARRISON reads.*)

GARRISON. Great Scott! Poor old Shannon! Too bad—too bad! Knew him for twenty years—eccentric old grouch—but I always liked him.

MEEKIN. Yes—yes—but what about Jimmie?

GARRISON. Jimmie—Jimmie—— Great Jumping Jupiter! Of course—Jimmie!

JOE. He's the sole heir, isn't he?

GARRISON. Yes—yes.

MEEKIN. Great!

GARRISON. Let's see—Jimmie is—— (*To GODDARD*) How old is Jimmie now?

GODDARD. He's twenty-seven, I think—he's got plenty of time——

MEEKIN. No—he's twenty-nine.

GODDARD. (*Alarmed*) Twenty-nine—is he?

GARRISON. Twenty-nine. So he is—when'll he be thirty?

MEEKIN. (*The question strikes MEEKIN as funny*) When do you think—on his next birthday, of course.

GODDARD. When's his birthday?

MEEKIN. Let me see——

GARRISON. Does anybody know?

JOE. Seems to me it's——

GODDARD. I remember he gave us a party last year.

MEEKIN. I'm pretty sure it's the seventeenth of something— isn't it?

JOE. Yes, I think it is.

GODDARD. I know it was in May.

GARRISON. May seventeenth—good! This is the sixth, isn't it? (*Crosses to R.*)

MEEKIN. What the deuce has that go to do——

GODDARD. (*Taking JOE up R.C.*) Say, Joe, run along, will you?

MEEKIN. Something wrong?

GODDARD. We want to talk to Meekin. You don't mind, do you?

(*GODDARD and JOE go up to door R.C.*)

JOE. Of course—my best to Jimmie—he's a corker! (*Exits R.C.*)

GODDARD. (*Coming down L. of them*) Yes, certainly. Garri, it'll be all right if we tell Meekin?

GARRISON. Oh, I suppose so.

GODDARD. Well, I think we'll need his help.

MEEKIN. My help—what for?

GARRISON. Jimmie's in an awful fix.

MEEKIN. Fix?

GARRISON. Terrible! I told you the general situation, Goddard.

GODDARD. Yes, yes—but I don't recall all the conditions.

MEEKIN. For the love of heaven, get to it—what is it?

GARRISON. Well, the old man had about twelve million.

MEEKIN. Whew! (*Whistles.*)

GARRISON. And it all goes to Jimmie.

MEEKIN. Great!

GARRISON. If he's married.

MEEKIN. Married!

GARRISON. Married by the time he's thirty.

(*MEEKIN turns to GODDARD.*)

GODDARD. That's it.

MEEKIN. Great Holy Suffering Caesar—you heard Jimmie—he won't marry.

GARRISON. Well, if he isn't married by his thirtieth birthday, all the money goes to a bunch of colleges and hospitals.

MEEKIN. And he'll be thirty in ten days.

GODDARD. By George, what'll we do?

MEEKIN. Get him married, of course.

GODDARD. Certainly.

GARRISON. No—no, we've got to save him from that.

MEEKIN. When it means twelve million—you're crazy! Of course, the trouble is Jimmie's a born bachelor.

GARRISON. All men are born bachelors—but marriage is thrust on lots of them.

GODDARD. And only ten days—that's quick work.

MEEKIN. You bet it is. Garri, give me a minute alone with Jimmie, first.

GARRISON. (*Protesting*) Now, see here, I'm the executor of that will.

MEEKIN. Yes, I know. You can tackle him afterwards. I've a lot of influence with Jimmie.

JIMMIE. (*Enters R.C., comes down to them humming "All dressed up and no place to go." They break and stand silently looking at him.*) Here we are, a little quartette! What'll we sing? What's the matter with you fellows—struck dumb?

MEEKIN. No, what makes you think so?

JIMMIE. You look as if you'd fallen into money or something. (*Goes to L.*)

MEEKIN. (*Hinting*) You chaps going?

GODDARD. Sure, come on, Garri—and have that one last drink. (*Exits into bar R.*)

GARRISON. (*Going toward bar R.*) Yes, I know, the one you wish you *hadn't* taken.

RALPH. (*Enters from bar and buttonholes GAR-*

RISON. GODDARD *exits*) Say, Garri, I've got a corker!

GARRISON. (*Quickly*) And I've got one, for you—did you ever hear the story of the young man like you who came up to the old man like me, and the young man said to the old man, "What's going on?" and the old man said, "I am!" (*Exits quickly. RALPH, still listening, turns and finds him gone and then exits after him, dumbfounded. MEEKIN goes up.*)

JIMMIE. Well, come along, Meek. I warn you I'm prepared to dine expensively and well. (*Comes down L.C.*)

MEEKIN. There's no hurry—besides, I want to talk to you. (*Comes down R.*)

JIMMIE. What about?

MEEKIN. I was just thinking of your grandfather.

JIMMIE. I suppose he's been writing you—that's why you've been trying to marry me off. He's always been dippy about that. (*To chair R. of table.*)

MEEKIN. (*Carelessly*) Have you heard anything from him lately?

JIMMIE. (*Sitting R. of table*) No—he's abroad as usual. He only writes me once in a great while—"Dear Jimmie: Enclosed please find check. I hope you are behaving yourself better than I did at your age. Aren't you married yet? Your affectionate grandfather!" That's about the letter I've been getting from him for the past ten years—Christmas and birthdays. And that reminds me, I ought to be hearing from him pretty soon.

MEEKIN. (*Innocently approaches him*) When is your birthday—I never remember dates. (*Moves to C.*)

JIMMIE. Why, it's May the——

MEEKIN. May——

JIMMIE. No, I won't tell you—you'd arrange some

party with candles and girls and games or something, and try to get me married.

MEEKIN. Oh, I know your birthday, anyhow—I remembered it was the seventeenth of something and you've just said this month—so May 17th. (*Goes R.*)

JIMMIE. (*Humorously*) Gee, what a memory!

MEEKIN. Oh, Jim?

JIMMIE. Yes?

MEEKIN. (*After a pause*) We were speaking a second ago about your grandfather.

JIMMIE. Yes—come on, out with it—what's he been writing you?

MEEKIN. No, I haven't heard from him—but, Jim, he's—well—you see—— (*Breaks off.*)

JIMMIE. What's the matter?

MEEKIN. Why—I——

JIMMIE. Something happened? (*MEEKIN nods his head.*) You don't mean—— (*Come to MEEKIN. MEEKIN nods again and hands him paper which is on table and points to article. JIMMIE reads, then looks up very curiously.*) Poor old chap! Isn't that tough luck—poor old fellow!

MEEKIN. It was mighty tragic.

JIMMIE. The sad part of it is there's nobody even to send a cable to say I'm sorry—he wouldn't be friends with anybody.

MEEKIN. He was sort of an eccentric old chap, wasn't he?

JIMMIE. Yes, but I guess he was fond of me in his funny way. Gee, life's a strange thing, isn't it?—to be riding along alive and then suddenly a flaw in a little piece of steel and it's all over. Of course it isn't as though I'd really ever known him, but he *was* my grandfather—and now I haven't anybody.

MEEKIN. (*There is a pause*) I dare say it sounds a bit awkward, but as long as it had to happen, aren't you in a way to be congratulated?

JIMMIE. Oh, you mean the money. Yes, I suppose I am. I hadn't thought of that, but I'd much rather he'd lived, though, really.

MEEKIN. (*Pats him on the shoulder*) Sure—I understand. (*JIMMIE crosses to L.*) Now, Jimmie—regarding— (*JIMMIE turns.*) Have a drink? (*Crosses to table L. and presses button.*)

JIMMIE. Yes, I think I will—I feel a bit upset. (*Goes up L. and down again.*)

MEEKIN. The old man had about twelve million. (*Sits R. of table.*)

(*GEORGE enters R.*)

JIMMIE. Twelve million! Twelve million? (*He comes down L. of table.*)

GEORGE. Yes, sir?

MEEKIN. Two Bronx. (*GEORGE exits.*)

JIMMIE. Great Scott! Why, Meek, even at five per cent, that's six hundred thousand a year!

MEEKIN. Yes, I know, Jim. Will you listen to me just a second?

JIMMIE. Fifty thousand dollars a month. And I've been getting fifty dollars a week. Fifty thousand a month—— By George, I'll make a rich man of you, yet!

MEEKIN. Aw—shut up!

JIMMIE. (*Sits L. of table*) Oh, I know you won't take any money from me—but, Meek, go on—jump in—buy four or five thousand more shares of Yukon.

MEEKIN. Can't afford it.

JIMMIE. Oh, I'll back you—you can make a big clean-up—quarter of a million easy! Go on, I'll stand behind you. What do you say?

(*GEORGE enters with two Bronx cocktails, puts them on table and exits L.*)

MEEKIN. All right, Jim, we'll see later. In the meantime, let's drink this. (*They pick up drinks and rise.*)

JIMMIE. You're on. Let me take that pencil, I want to figure something myself. (*Figuring on pad on table.*) Sixteen hundred dollars a day. I can't believe it—think what that means—not for myself, but for my friends. I'll give a fresh start to men and women who thought they'd finished—I'll give Joe enough to get married on—I'll give Garri that car he's always wanted—I'll build the new wing on the clubhouse and I'll pay the debt on the old one. I'll give your mother a diamond tiara—and as for you——

MEEKIN. Jimmie, may your tribe increase.

JIMMIE. As I shall never marry, your wish is highly indecent. (*They drink and put down glasses.*) Oh, sixteen hundred dollars a day!

MEEKIN. But, Jimmie—there's a string to it.

JIMMIE. (*Tumbling out of his air castle*) Great Scott! Am I left out altogether?

MEEKIN. (*Trying to break it gently*) No, not that, but you see, Jimmie, it's like this—your grandfather was evidently hipped on the idea of your marrying and settling down. (*Sits R. of table.*)

JIMMIE. I know that.

MEEKIN. And to make sure you'd do it, he left you all his money.

JIMMIE. Well, then it's all right. (*Starts to sit.*)

MEEKIN. But you've got to get married.

JIMMIE. (*Rising*) I've got to get what?

MEEKIN. Married by the time you're thirty, or you don't get a nickel.

JIMMIE. Don't be silly—there's nothing in the paper about *that*! Where'd you dream such an idiotic idea?

MEEKIN. I'm not dreaming—Garri just told me—he drew up the will himself.

JIMMIE. I've got to get mar—— (*Runs up R. and calls*) Oh, Garri—Garri—come here a minute, will you? (*Comes back to R. of MEEKIN.*) I don't believe it—grandfather wouldn't do a thing like that—draw up a will just to get me married—it isn't possible. (*GARRISON and GODDARD enter R. JIMMIE turns to them.*) Garri, is it true that my grandfather——

GARRISON. Yes, Jimmie, it's absolutely true.

GODDARD. Absolutely.

JIMMIE. Oh, come on, you fellows. Don't joke about it—you're not putting up some job on me, are you?

GODDARD. No, Jimmie, we were the old gentlemen's attorneys, you know—it's serious.

JIMMIE. I should say it is serious—twelve million dollars, but I've got to get married.

GARRISON. That's it exactly.

GODDARD. And before you're thirty.

JIMMIE. Oh, oh—I hate to lose that money—but, well, it was a beautiful dream while it lasted—come on, Meek, we'll go to dinner. (*Starts up.*)

MEEKIN. (*Still sitting, clutching him by the arm*) No, we won't—now listen.

JIMMIE. I'm not going to get married—twelve millions or twenty.

MEEKIN. Oh, yes, you are—and by the time you're thirty—you're lucky you've still got ten days before your birthday.

JIMMIE. Ten days! But, just think, if he'd died after I was thirty I wouldn't have had even a look-in.

GODDARD. Before your grandfather sailed, I remember Garri told him that he ought to draw up a new will giving you more time—but as men do, he put it off.

GARRISON. And the will stands just as I drew it five years ago.

JIMMIE. As long as I won't marry—who does get the money?

GARRISON. A lot of colleges and hospitals.

GODDARD. Columbia—St. Luke's—Johns Hopkins.

JIMMIE. Never mind the names.

GARRISON. You see, your grandfather offered you his millions as an inducement to carry on his traditions—and *perpetuate* his family.

JIMMIE. Yes, that sounds just like him—he always had a picture of me on one side of the fireplace—my wife on the other—and eight or ten little tots running around.

GODDARD. And it's not a bad picture, Jimmie. (*Crosses to JIMMIE.*) Come on, now, reconsider—get married. Why, people are doing it every day.

JIMMIE. Not this people—they're not. No.

MEEKIN. (*Rising and coming to L. of JIMMIE*) Jimmie, I've got it—why not pick out some nice, respectable girl—present her with about twenty-five thousand dollars a year for the rest of her life—say good-bye five minutes after the wedding and come back technically a married man, but by habit a bachelor.

JIMMIE. Fine—I'll do that. (*Shakes hands.*) It's a great idea—much obliged.

GARRISON. You'd scarcely be carrying on the Shannon traditions.

JIMMIE. Yes, I know, but after all I *am* his grandson—it does seem to me that I'm more entitled to it than a lot of institutions.

MEEKIN. And by my scheme he's technically fulfilling the conditions of the will which is all the *law demands*.

GODDARD. I'm sorry, Jimmie, but it isn't all your grandfather demanded.

GARRISON. No, he seemed to anticipate some such plan as Meekin's would suggest itself—so he pro-

vided the marriage must last for at least a *year* and in good faith.

JIMMIE. (*Crosses to GARRI*) You mean we've got to stick together for a whole year—better or worse—all that sort of thing—or not get the money?

GARRISON. Exactly.

JIMMIE. Then I don't do it—I can't do it.

MEEKIN. (*To GODDARD*) How could he provide for that in a will?

GODDARD. (*Shaking his head*) Oh, he provided for it, all right—he and Garri.

GARRI. You bet we did. Jimmie, if you and your wife live apart for more than two consecutive days—if you separate—if your marriage is annulled—if you are divorced—if any of those things happen within one year after your marriage—you don't get a penny.

JIMMIE. He was ingenious, wasn't he—my grandfather?

MEEKIN. Well, who's to see that these conditions are carried out?

GARRISON. I am.

MEEKIN. You—— Oh, Jim, it's a cinch! (*He crosses to GARRISON. JIMMIE goes to L. of table L.*) Garri, you're not going to stand in Jimmie's way—you'll be lenient with him, won't you—you'll not insist on their being together a whole year—all the time—you know Jimmie.

GARRISON. There's the will—Jimmie's *got* to live up to it if he expects the money.

JIMMIE. You mean that in spite of everything you said to me here—on this very spot—that now you approve of my marrying? (*Pointing to chair L. of table where GARRISON was sitting.*)

GARRISON. (*Crosses to L.C.*) I do not. I don't want you to marry—that's why I helped make those conditions—so you'd balk at it—but if you're fool

enough to try it, you know what you've got to live up to. Now, what's your decision?

JIMMIE. *No!!!*

GARRISON. Fine—and as your friend, I'm mighty pleased at your good sense.

GODDARD. (*Comes down*) Shut up, Garri—you're not here to advise.

MEEKIN. (*Toward him*) Goddard—you don't agree with Garri?

GODDARD. Certainly not.

MEEKIN. Well, you're his partner—you can go easy with Jimmie.

GODDARD. By Jove, I'd like to—but the law is the law and we can't get around that.

MEEKIN. You can't?

GODDARD. No.

MEEKIN. Well, then you're a couple of pretty poor lawyers. (*Moves away R. around table.*)

GARRISON. Well, we're not even going to try. (*Goes R.*)

JIMMIE. You fellows can argue it out any way you please, but as far as I am concerned, all the money's going to the colleges and hospitals.

MEEKIN. (*Crosses to JIMMIE L.*) Yes, it is—not while I retain my health and strength. Do you think I'm going to stand by and see twelve millions slide away when all you've got to do is marry? Twelve millions—think of the people who are happy with twelve dollars! (*Goes up.*)

JIMMIE. You can't tempt me.

GODDARD. (*Comes down L.C.*) Come on, now, Jim—think it over.

JIMMIE. Nor you either—I wouldn't marry Cleopatra.

MEEKIN. (*Comes down C.*) Nobody's asking you to marry her—but how about some nice modern girl who——

JIMMIE. Please shut up, will you?

(MEEKIN goes R.)

GARRISON. (*Crossing to JIMMIE, GODDARD goes up L.*) Oh, yes, Jim, there's one thing more.

JIMMIE. More?

GARRISON. If Meekin does convince you——

JIMMIE. He won't.

GARRISON. In the last clause your grandfather said, "My grandson will not fail to realize that if he marries the wrong girl and just tries to stick the year out with her in order to get the money, it'll be a year of hell."

JIMMIE. Oh, Lord, how true!

GARRISON. I think that's all. (*Goes up C. and gets hat and umbrella.*)

JIMMIE. That's enough.

MEEKIN. (*To GARRISON*) Oh, Garri, if we want you, you'll be home tonight?

GARRISON. Where am I every night? (*Exits L.*)

RALPH. (*Enters R.C.*) Say, Jim there's a reporter out there from the *American*, looking for you.

JIM. For me?

RALPH. Oh, I stalled him, though. I told him a couple of my stories.

JIM. What's he want?

RALPH. Something about your grandfather's will.

MEEKIN. Holy Mike!

JIMMIE. Great Scott! The newspapers have got this already! I'll be the laughing stock of the world.

GODDARD. No, Jimmie, I think not—you forget the amount involved.

MEEK. That's true—twelve millions are never funny.

JIMMIE. Tell him I'm out. (*Crosses to R.*)

RALPH. (*Catching him*) Oh, Jim, he said he wouldn't go till he knew when you're thirty—and whether you're engaged—and——

JIMMIE. I'll be thirty on—no, I'll be hanged if I tell him. (*Comes down to L. of MEEKIN.*)

GODDARD. Oh, go ahead, Jimmie.

MEEKIN. You might as well get rid of him.

JIMMIE. What, and have a bunch of reporters doing a death watch over me—"Seventy-two more hours for young Shannon to get married in—forty-eight hours more!" and so on? Never—my birthday is my business—it's my business, too, that I'm not engaged—although I suppose we can tell him that and nothing more.

GODDARD. They'll look up your birth certificate, Jimmie.

JIMMIE. I wasn't born in New York—I was born in a village that's extinct like the dodo. Don't either of you tell him.

GODDARD. But he'll insist upon knowing.

RALPH. Yes, Jim, he's a stubborn chap.

MEEKIN. He'll only bother the life out of you if you don't.

JIMMIE. Oh, all right; then it's May——

MEEKIN. Seventeenth.

JIMMIE. The seventeenth! (*Crosses to L.*)

RALPH. May seventeenth? All right. I'm glad to do this for you, Jim. (*Exits R.C.*)

JIMMIE. Goddard, you see him—tell him as little as you can.

GODDARD. Jimmie, you'll come around—you're sure to marry eventually.

JIMMIE. Yes, like the ad, "Eventually, so why not now?" Not for me. (*GODDARD exits R.C.*) Gosh, isn't this a mess—twelve million dollars! (*Comes around table to C., then down L. again.*)

MEEKIN. (*Crossing to JIMMIE*) Of course it's a mess—but don't pay any attention to Garri—he's an old fogy—take Goddard, he's an example to follow.

JIMMIE. Please don't argue with me, will you, please?

MEEKIN. Why, I haven't even started yet. (*Closer to him.*) Now, Jim, isn't there some girl you know that you could form a sort of—continental marriage with—that you could get along comfortably with for a year?

JIMMIE. No, there is not.

MEEKIN. Mind you, I'm not advising—not even suggesting a youngster—a bud in the rosebud garden of girls—they ought to have their chance at romance—but there must be some older girl—good-natured, good-looking enough—that you could take your proposition to—no bluff, no deception—and ask her how it looks to her—tell her we are a business-loving nation—and that this is a business proposition.

JIMMIE. That'd be a fine way to make love, wouldn't it?

MEEKIN. Will you be serious?

JIMMIE. Yes, I will—I want that money, Meek—now that I've realized for a moment what it means—gosh, how I want it—but I can't fulfill the conditions of that will—you know how I've always felt about marriage—I can't change my opinion in five minutes—and anyhow, what would people say—it wouldn't be fair to the girl—I'm no Romeo. (*Sits L. of table L.*)

MEEKIN. (*Goes up c., then comes down behind table to JIMMIE*) Sentimental twaddle! With all that money behind you, they'd think it a beautiful marriage—and you *might* be happy. Anyhow, you could have your town house—your yacht—your motors—and apart from the mere luxuries—think of the possibilities of doing things—the real things you've always *wanted* to do. Why, you can carry out your own ideas—you can *amount* to something—you can be a *big man*, Jimmie—you can send boys to college like Hollister did—think what you said just now—you can give a fresh start to men and women who thought they'd finished—you can do anything,

Jimmie. (*JIMMIE rises and paces up c.*) Six hundred thousand dollars a year—— (*JIMMIE paces down c.* MEEKIN *looks at figures JIMMIE wrote.*) Sixteen hundred dollars a day—— (*JIMMIE paces up c.*) Seventy dollars an hour—— (*JIMMIE paces down c.*) That's over a dollar a minute—— (*JIMMIE paces down c., then up.* MEEKIN, *in disgust, sits in chair R. of table L.* JIMMIE *comes down to R. of him.*)

JIMMIE. Who can I marry?

MEEKIN. (*Rises and slaps him on the shoulder*) Great, Jim, that's the talk!

JIMMIE. After all, it's the only thing my grandfather really ever asked of me and I suppose I ought to try it, anyhow.

MEEKIN. Of course you should, Jim; the world is full of wives for you.

JIMMIE. Yes, but who—who—who the hell'd have me? (*Goes up and comes down.*)

MEEKIN. Yes, that's so! (*JIMMIE goes up c., eyeing MEEKIN.*) Still, you ought to be able to marry—it's seven chances to one.

JIMMIE. Funny you should mention seven—that's my lucky number. (*Comes down R.*)

MEEKIN. Great! Then it's a cinch—now, let me see——

JIMMIE. (*Comes c.*) How about Anne Windsor—I like Anne and she likes me a little, I think.

MEEKIN. She's my idea of the best possible wife for you.

JIMMIE. I'm glad we agree. I'll call her up now. (*Both start up to 'phone, then MEEKIN stops short.*)

MEEKIN. (*Stops*) Right. Oh, I forgot—when I saw her off just now she said she was going out of town.

JIMMIE. That's so, she did mention it—had some house to decorate—she was peeved because I wouldn't come to dinner.

MEEKIN. Was that it? She did seem cross about something—meant to catch the seven o'clock train to somewhere. (*Both come down.*)

JIMMIE. Seven again—to where?

MEEKIN. I don't remember.

JIMMIE. Why don't you remember?

MEEKIN. I don't know—maybe she didn't say.

JIMMIE. What time is it now?

MEEKIN. (*Takes out watch*) About seven-thirty.

JIMMIE. Call her up. Maybe she missed it.

MEEKIN. (*Starts up to 'phone, then stops and turns to JIMMIE*) Do you know her number?

JIMMIE. One—one—three—ha! (*Crosses to L. of table L.*)

MEEKIN. One—one—three—please.

JIMMIE. (*Crosses to R.*) If I could only wait till she comes back, but I can't.

MEEKIN. Of course you can—send her a night letter.

JIMMIE. And be rude again—I should say not.

MEEKIN. (*JIMMIE comes to R. of MEEKIN while he 'phones*) One—one—three—is Miss Windsor there, please? Gone out of town with her mother—till Monday—where to? Good-bye—the maid doesn't know.

JIMMIE. (*Comes down R.*) Well, anyhow, after the way she talked to me I'm pretty sure she wouldn't have me—too bad, too. I like Anne better than any girl I know. Oh, well, it's all off. Come on. I'm going to quit this. (*Starts up.*)

MEEKIN. (*Stopping him*) Nonsense—she'll be back Monday.

JIMMIE. No—no—I can't wait till then.

MEEKIN. Certainly you can.

JIMMIE. No, if I'm going to tackle this job I might as well get started. I'll begin tomorrow.

MEEKIN. Tomorrow?

JIMMIE. Yes, tomorrow early—right after breakfast.

MEEKIN. Great Scott, I've never seen you want to hustle before.

JIMMIE. You've never seen me after twelve millions before.

MEEKIN. At last you're getting some sense. I tell you, Jim, we'll work out a proposing schedule for tomorrow—ten A.M.—noon—two—four—six—eight—every two hours—every day—until you land one by the seventeenth.

JIMMIE. No—no—I don't want them one at a time.

MEEKIN. Well, you can't ask them two at a time, can you?

JIMMIE. No, and I can't go around day after day proposing, either. Bunches, I might try, but one never—I want to do it wholesale—tackle 'em all in one group.

MEEKIN. I've got it—I'll give a dinner tomorrow night—invite half a dozen girls.

JIMMIE. That's the idea—then I'll propose to 'em all right after dinner—food cheers me so—I'll get a flying start—jump right from one girl to another—but, Great Scott, where'll you have a dinner like that—there's no decent place in this village.

MEEKIN. Yes, there is—right here at the club—tomorrow's Ladies' Day.

JIMMIE. Say, that is luck.

MEEKIN. Didn't I tell you?

JIMMIE. There's another thing—— If we dine here we'll have everybody butting in—all the other guests, all over the place, and I've got to have *some* privacy.

MEEKIN. (*Agreeing*) Yes, they'd all want to get a look at you, wouldn't they?

JIMMIE. It'd be a great treat for 'em, wouldn't it

—to get a look at me—you see, it's cold, Meek. (*Starting.*) Come on. We can't do it.

MEEKIN. (*Detaining him*) Wait—I'll find the house committee—get them to give us this room—and the billiard room—and the veranda outside just for ourselves.

JIMMIE. (*Wisely*) But they wouldn't do that—even for you.

MEEKIN. (*Equally wisely*) Oh, yes, they would—even for me—if I pay for all the decorations and the band. Bribery, that's the scheme.

JIMMIE. Do you think you can do it?

MEEKIN. You just leave it to me—we'll have girls—fellows—music—candles—games—everything—now it's all settled.

JIMMIE. Yes, all settled—dinner settled—music settled—lights settled—everything's settled—except the girls I'm going to propose to.

MEEKIN. Oh, yes, that is important.

JIMMIE. It is to me.

MEEKIN. (*Takes out memo. book*) Let's see—who do we know?

JIMMIE. Of course I realize you're going to run this thing—but so far as you can, will you have these girls pretty?

MEEKIN. Nothing but queens. (*Sits.*) How about Lilly Trevor—tall—dark?

JIMMIE. I know, but she always seems so sad.

MEEKIN. Well, twelve millions'd cheer her up.

JIMMIE. Gee, I wish she were Anne.

MEEKIN. What about Mary Ness?

JIMMIE. I should say not—she lisps.

MEEKIN. Or Muriel?

JIMMIE. She's only a kid—too young—it wouldn't be right.

MEEKIN. Yes, that's so—— How about Marie Middleton?

JIMMIE. That man-hunter—I should say not!

Why, she's been engaged six times and nobody'd have her. Why pin her on me?

MEEKIN. You might be lucky if you got her.

JIMMIE. Great Scott, you don't think I'll be driven to that!

MEEKIN. No—no.

JIMMIE. I'll bet she'd come in with the license up her sleeve—next!

MEEKIN. There's Betty Brown.

JIMMIE. I don't think so much of her—still, she plays a fine game of bridge.

MEEKIN. Yes, and that'd help pass the long winter evenings.

JIMMIE. It isn't much, though, compared to Anne—Anne's so damned human.

MEEKIN. There's Florence Jones.

JIMMIE. I don't like her last name—still, that needn't be permanent.

MEEKIN. Well, how about Georgy Garrison?

JIMMIE. I like her. She's a blonde—and I like blondes.

MEEKIN. And Peggy Wood is a pippin.

JIMMIE. Peggy Wood—— I like her name—it sounds promising—Peggy would!

MEEKIN. They all seem pretty good—of course, this isn't my complete list. I'll dig up some more.

JIMMIE. Yes, that's right, have plenty. No, Meek, I can't do it! I can't do it! (*Starts up.*)

MEEKIN. (*Stopping him*) Of course you can—you act as though proposing were a criminal offense—they can't do any more than say no.

JIMMIE. That'd be enough. What'll I say to them—if I say it?

MEEKIN. Trust to the inspiration of the moment—give them the facts—don't try to make love—don't be romantic—and above all, don't be funny.

JIMMIE. I won't be funny—it's all too serious. Now—if they marry me——

MEEKIN. If she marries you——

JIMMIE. Yes, one's enough. It's no use, Meek—I can't do it! (*Goes R.*)

MEEKIN. Jim, you act as if you were really afraid of girls.

JIMMIE. (*Comes back to him*) I am afraid of girls—more now than I've ever been. Think what it means—think what depends upon it—twelve million dollars—twelve million! Go on—get your girls!

MEEKIN. Ah, that's the scheme—and don't you worry—if you should fall down tomorrow night you've still got over a week till the seventeenth—this is only the sixth.

JIMMIE. Yes, the sixth— isn't it terrible!

MEEKIN. What's terrible now?

JIMMIE. You guessed my birthday was the seventeenth—I wanted to let you think so—to let Garri think so because of the newspapers—but you guessed wrong.

MEEKIN. Wrong—when is your birthday?

JIMMIE. It isn't the seventeenth—it's the seventh.

MEEKIN. The seventh! But tomorrow's the seventh!

JIMMIE. I know it is—and I'm not engaged—and I'm not in love—and I don't know a girl in the world well enough to even hook her up the back—and I've got to be married by midnight tomorrow.

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE: *Inside the Club—Thursday after dinner. Through the windows at back one sees the dinner party on the veranda. The twelve guests are grouped about the table in the following order. There is general murmur of conversation at rise.*

(MEEKIN rises and holds up hand for music to stop.)

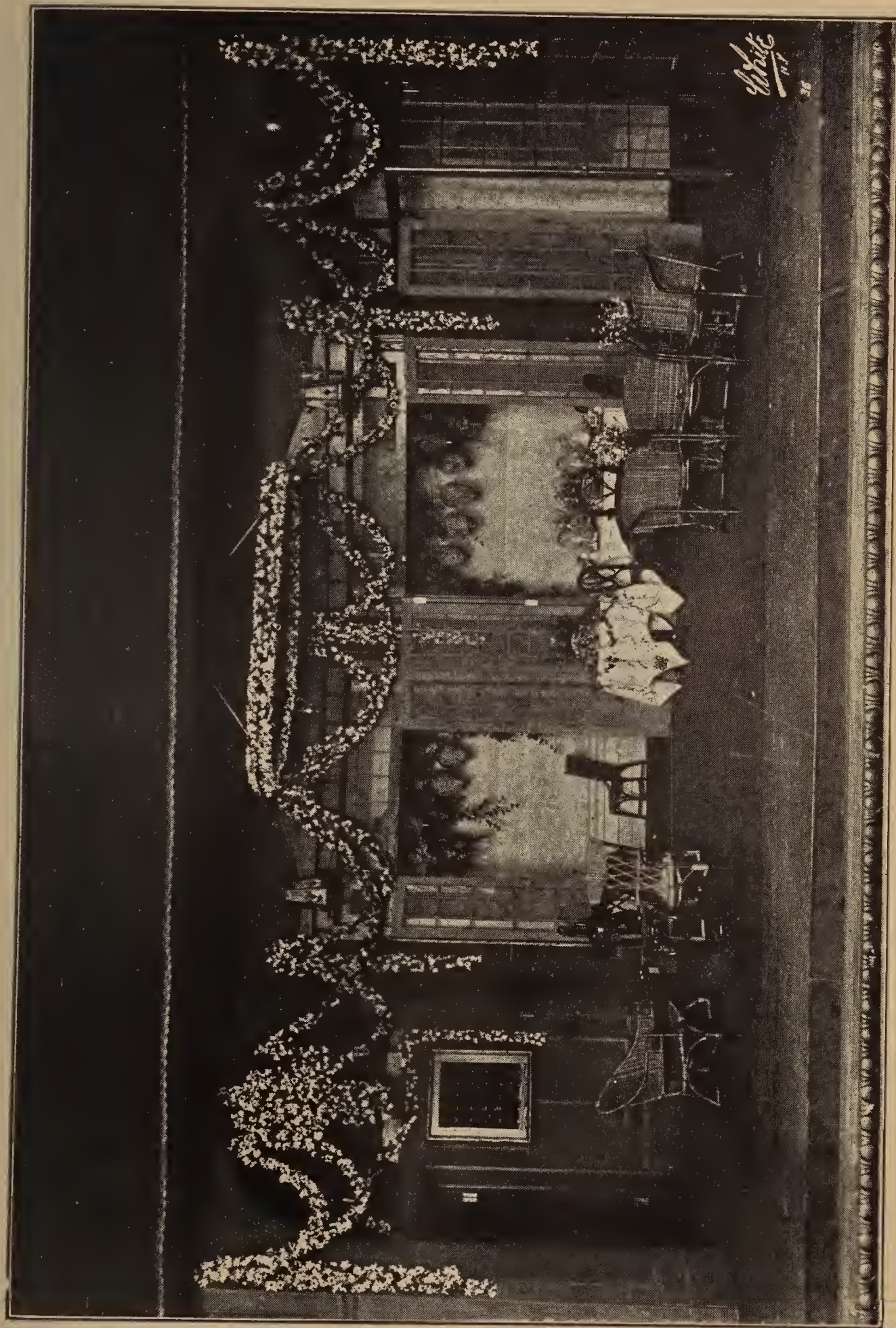
MEEKIN. Ladies and gentlemen:

ALL. Hear—hear!

MEEKIN. We have with us tonight Mr. James Shannon. (*Applause.*) And although I am no speechmaker, it seems but fitting that, as dinner is nearly over, we should drink one final toast—of long life to Jimmie—to Jimmie!

ALL. (*Men rise*) To Jimmie! (*Men drink and sit.*) Speech—speech—speech! (*They ad lib. and urge JIMMIE to make a speech.*)

JIMMIE. (*Shakes his head no, then rises and they all applaud*) Ladies and gentlemen: I did not expect to be called upon to make a speech this evening—this is the first time I've ever done anything like this. I never thought my maiden speech would be made in my own behalf. (*They turn with a look of query to each other.*) There doesn't seem to be anything I can say except that I would like to propose a toast to those with whom I hope to become better acquainted during the evening—here's to the ladies—God bless them!



White
NY



"SEVEN CHANCES"

MEN. (*Rise*) The ladies—God bless them!
(*Drink and sit.*)

JIMMIE. And now—well—I guess that's all. I thank you. (*Applause, laughter and general conversation, and the music starts again.*)

MEEKIN. (*After a moment of general talk—rises*) Ladies and gentlemen: Dinner's over. Mrs. Garrison, we'll join you presently in the billiard room—the one you helped decorate so very charmingly. I'll make way for the ladies.

(MEEKIN goes to door R.C. and as the guests are passing out he has something to say to each one. GEORGE enters R.C. and pushes button up R. and turns on lights. GARRISON rises from table and comes in door R.C.—as he enters, MRS. GARRISON passes him going out.)

MRS. GARRISON. Henry. (*He pays no attention.*) Garri!

GARRISON. Yes, my dear?

MRS. GARRISON. Remember—no more liqueurs.

GARRISON. All right—all right! (*Goes out R.C.*)

(JOE meets MRS. GARRISON on veranda and exits with her. The Girls come around veranda to R. and enter door L.; as they pass JIMMIE in the following order they each stop and speak some comment to JIMMIE, then pass on out door R.C. and exit R. BETTY, PEGGY, LILLY, GEORGY and FLORENCE.

(RALPH and GODDARD have come to L. on veranda and stop to light cigarettes as the girls are passing JIMMIE. GODDARD enters L. as GEORGY is speaking to JIMMIE, and coming to L.C., speaks to GARRI, who has dropped down R. After the girls have all passed JIMMIE, RALPH enters L. and speaks to him and exits R.C.)

GODDARD. (*Meeting GARRISON down c.*) Well, Garri, bully dinner, wasn't it?

GARRISON. Yes, and mighty good champagne.

GODDARD. Meekin certainly dug up a bunch of corking pretty girls for Jimmie to choose from.

GARRISON. Jimmie'll fall for one of them, I suppose—poor chap!

GODDARD. Let's hope so. Have another liqueur?

GARRISON. Oh, I might as well—my wife'll think I had it anyhow. Make it quick. (*GODDARD and GARRISON exit R.*)

(By this time all have passed out, leaving JIMMIE and MEEKIN.)

JIMMIE. (*Coming down R.C.*) I can't do it—I can't do it!

MEEKIN. (*Coming down c.*) You've got to—you have only three hours.

JIMMIE. Oh, that dinner—the way they all sat and glared at me!

MEEKIN. All ready to accept you.

JIMMIE. I hope so. If the papers hadn't had a column about me this morning we could have pulled this thing off quietly. However, they don't know my birthday's today! Gosh, that dinner—I felt like a freak!

MEEKIN. You acted like one.

JIMMIE. (*Turns on him*) What do you mean, I acted like one?

MEEKIN. Embarrassed and ill at ease—and nervous.

JIMMIE. Well, do you blame me?

MEEKIN. And that speech!

JIMMIE. Well, I've heard worse.

MEEKIN. Now it's time you got busy. Who'll you start with?

JIMMIE. I don't know. What was it you said—

give 'em the facts—don't be—don't be romantic, and don't be funny.

MEEKIN. That's it—don't be funny—if you can help it. Which girl do you want first?

JIMMIE. I don't know—they all look alike to me.

MEEKIN. Leave it to me, then—I'll send one of them out here now. (*Starts up.*)

JIMMIE. (*Catching him*) And have the others know I'm asking that girl first of all—you are an idiot! (*Both come down.*)

MEEKIN. I thought I was managing this.

JIMMIE. Well, you're not. I tell you what I'll do. I'll go out in the garden, you get one of them in here alone, and when you do, whistle for me and I'll sneak back. (*Crosses to L.*)

MEEKIN. What'll I whistle?

JIMMIE. I don't know—anything appropriate—"Cuddle up a little closer."

MEEKIN. How does it go?

(JIMMIE whistles the tune, MEEKIN tries to get it and they get mixed.)

JIMMIE. That's near enough—that'll do. (*Goes L.*) And whatever you do, keep that Marie Middleton away from me—a year of hell.

MEEKIN. I'll protect you. (*Starts up, stops and comes back.*) Oh, Jim, I forgot to tell you—I took your tip—bought 4,000 more shares of Yukon—hocked the family jewels and everything.

JIMMIE. Fine! I told you I'd make a rich man of you yet. Hurry up, Meek! Time fleets!

MEEKIN. Time fleets—I'll get Georgy Garrison. (*Shakes his hand.*) Oh, Jim, we're off.

JIMMIE. Just think, if I'd been married three hours ago I'd have earned forty-eight hundred dollars by now. (*Exits L. Music starts.*)

MEEKIN. (*Looks at notebook*) Number one!

(Starts to exit R.C., but meets MRS. GARRISON and GARRISON as they enter. MRS. GARRISON has evening wrap on. GARRI no hat or coat.)

MRS. GARRISON. Oh, Mr. Meekin, I'm afraid we must say good night.

MEEKIN. Oh, so soon?

MRS. GARRISON. I'm not feeling very well—I think I'd better go home.

MEEKIN. Georgy isn't going too, is she?

MRS. GARRISON. No, indeed, I arranged for her to leave later on.

MEEKIN. That's nice. Pardon me, won't you—because I have this next dance with Georgy. *(Goes to door R.)* I'm so awfully sorry you're not feeling well. Good night. *(Exits R.)*

MRS. GARRISON. *(Starts L.)* Come, Garri.

GARRISON. Yes, run along home, dear. After all, it's only a step. I guess I'll stick around a while with the boys.

MRS. GARRISON. Don't stay too late.

GARRISON. My dear, you know me.

MRS. GARRISON. Yes—that's why I spoke.

GARRISON. I'll be home about one. *(Starts R.)*

MRS. GARRISON. I think, after all, you'd better come with me.

GARRISON. Now, my dear——

MRS. GARRISON. I'm feeling very badly. I've got this pain in my side—I think it's appendicitis.

GARRISON. Appendicitis! You've thought that for years—every time I want to stay anywhere you get that damned pain!

MRS. GARRISON. *(Annoyed)* Oh, Garri, how can you? *(Turns and meets IRENE as she enters.)* Oh, Irene!

IRENE. *(Enters L.)* Good evening, Mrs. Garrison—Mr. Garrison. *(Crosses to between them and is going up R.C.)*

MRS. GARRISON. Well—what on earth are you doing here?

GARRISON. Hello, kiddie. I thought you were at school.

IRENE. (*Coming down*) I was at school—but I had to come home—they have measles.

MRS. GARRISON. Good gracious! (*Shrinks from her to L.*)

GARRISON. You don't mean to tell me Meekin invited you to this party?

MRS. GARRISON. Of course not—she's much too young.

IRENE. I know—but it's ladies' day and they couldn't very well put me out, could they? Please don't tell my sister—she doesn't know I'm home yet. I do so want to see Jimmie Shannon—I read all about that will on the train. Where is he? (*Goes up and looks off R.C.*)

MRS. GARRISON. (*Laughing*) You foolish little girl!

GARRISON. Great Scott, Irene, you're not thinking of Jimmie at your age!

IRENE. Oh, that's this dress—I hate it—and I'm seventeen.

MRS. GARRISON. Irene!

IRENE. Well, I'm over sixteen. I don't see why everybody treats me as if I were a perfect baby—can't I just see him? (*Goes up R.C. and looks off.*)

MRS. GARRISON. Irene—Jimmie's in the other room with a lot of the older girls. Why, he wouldn't bother with you.

IRENE. If I were all fussed up with a long train and my hair on top of my head, I bet I could make him bother a whole lot about me.

MRS. GARRISON. Oh, ho! Well, I'm afraid I'll have to tell your sister, Lilly. (*Goes up R.C.*)

IRENE. (*Goes L.*) Oh, well, then I'll go—(*Stops and turns.*) Can't I just see him?

MRS. GARRISON. No!

IRENE. I think it's a darned shame to treat me like this! (*Exits L.*)

MRS. GARRISON. (*Laughing*) Ridiculous child! Come home, Garri. (*GARRISON laughs.*) Garri, come home with me at once. (*Exits L.*)

GARRISON. All right—all right! Go to a party and leave in the middle of it—life is just one damned going home after another! (*Exits L.*)

MEEKIN. (*Enters R., looking for GEORGY, goes up to door R.C. and calls*) Oh, Georgy—Georgy—will you come here a minute, please?

GEORGY. (*Entering R.C.*) What do you want me to come in here for?

MEEKIN. (*Finding an excuse*) Oh, to try our ladies' day punch—pale and pink—one quart of claret to one barrel of water. (*Helps her to a glass of punch. She takes it and stands R.C., sipping. MEEKIN stands by punch-bowl, looking off after JIMMIE—is about to whistle, but forgets the tune, then remembers it and whistles, "Cuddle up a little closer."*)

GEORGY. (*Looking up and catching him whistling*) What's the matter, Mr. Meekin?

MEEKIN. (*Taken by surprise, catching himself and laughing*) Nothing. (*GEORGY sips her punch again, and as she is turned away, MEEKIN looks off and whistles again.*)

GEORGY. Why, you look so funny standing there whistling.

MEEKIN. (*Catching himself again, laughs*) Whistling! Was I whistling? Nervous, I guess—I'm always nervous when I—whistle when I'm nervous. (*Changing the subject.*) You don't like your punch, do you?

GEORGY. No, I don't, very much. (*Puts it on table.*) Oh, let's go back to the party. (*She starts.*)

MEEKIN. (*Detaining her so she won't get away*) No, don't go—not yet.

GEORGY. But I love to dance.

MEEKIN. You don't want to go back in there with that Ladies' Day crowd—stay out here at my party—just you and I—and I'll teach you a new step. (*She agrees to, he whistles and they dance down to R.C. His lips get dry and he gives a shrill whistle at the end, stops and laughs, embarrassed.*)

GEORGY. (*Breaks from him*) Why, that's not a new step.

MEEKIN. Step left me with the tune. I'll show it to you now. (*They go up to position again and are about to start when JIMMIE is heard whistling "I'm Coming," from "Old Black Joe," off L., as a signal that he is approaching. They hold the position as MEEKIN hears the signal. MEEKIN gives a look of satisfaction and relief, claps his hands and says*) Everything's all right now! (*Laughs. She still holds her arms ready to dance. He turns to her and they dance down to R.C. and up C. as JIMMIE enters L. and stands looking at them. MEEKIN looks up suddenly as if just realizing he is there.*) I was just teaching her a new step. (*After a pause, just realizing what to do next.*) I'll be right back! (*Dashes off R.C.*)

(*JIMMIE stands awkwardly and smiles at GEORGY, not knowing how to begin.*)

GEORGY. Why, what was the matter with him?

JIMMIE. (*Coughs*) Nothing—nothing, I guess. (*She crosses to seat L.*) Won't you sit down, Georgy—I want to talk to you—(*She turns*)—seriously.

GEORGY. (*Crosses to seat*) Oh, you do? (*Sits.*)

JIMMIE. Yes, yes, I do. (*Goes up to door R.C., looks off and comes down and sits R. beside her.*) Georgy, do you like bull pups?

GEORGY. (*Laughing*) Why, yes, very much.

JIMMIE. I've got some down at the stable.

GEORGY. Have you?

JIMMIE. Would you like one?

GEORGY. Oh, may I?

JIMMIE. I'll give you a pippin of a pup if you'll help me.

GEORGY. Help you? How can I?

JIMMIE. Well, I suppose you read all about me in the papers this morning?

GEORGY. Naturally—twelve million! Isn't it exciting?

JIMMIE. Yes—yes. I should say so.

GEORGY. And aren't you fortunate to have ten days—at least so the papers said.

JIMMIE. Yes, so the papers said.

GEORGY. Of course you'll marry someone.

JIMMIE. Oh, yes, yes. (*Looks at her, smiling.*) What beautiful hair you have, Georgy. You know, that's my favorite color. I love the way it sort of curls behind your ear.

GEORGY. Thank you, Jimmie.

JIMMIE. And your voice—so low and throaty.

GEORGY. Throaty? Oh, but tell me—how can I help you?

JIMMIE. You can help me more than anyone in the world can—if you will——

GEORGY. I will—but how?

JIMMIE. Well—it's this way, Georgy—if you were a fellow and you wanted to propose to a girl—how would you go about it—what would you say?

GEORGY. Why, I don't know—I'd just ask her.

JIMMIE. Just give her the facts, eh—nothing sentimental—nothing romantic—nothing funny.

GEORGY. Why, yes, perhaps—I suppose that's a good way.

JIMMIE. Well, Georgy——

GEORGY. Yes, Jimmie?

JIMMIE. After thinking over all the girls I know, whom do you suppose I thought of first?

LILLY. (*Enters R.C.*) Hello, Jimmie!

JIMMIE. (*Interrupted, rising*) Lilly!

LILLY. (*Very romantic*) Are you having a wonderful time?

JIMMIE. Yes, yes—never had a time like this in my life!

LILLY. (*Takes up 'phone*) Eight—five—party J—please. (*After two counts she sits.*)

JIMMIE. (*Pause*) Is that going to be a long distance call?

LILLY. Oh, no, I'm just telephoning to see if my little sister, Irene, has come home. You know, we're expecting her tonight.

JIMMIE. Yes? That's nice. You'll pardon us, won't you? (*Rises and goes up c.*) I promised to show Georgy the bull pups. You want to see them, don't you, Georgy?

GEORGY. (*Rises and comes up to him*) Indeed I do.

JIMMIE. (*Crossing L. with her*) Forgive us, won't you?—I'm so glad you want one of those pups, Georgy, because I know that any girl who likes dogs would like me—— (*GEORGY laughs.*) You know what I mean! (*They go out L.*)

LILLY. I'm sure they'll answer, central. (*Pause.*) Busy? (*Puts down 'phone.* MEEKIN comes stealing in R.C., looking for JIMMIE, and is crossing to L.C. when LILLY startles him by speaking.) Hello, Mr. Meekin!

MEEKIN. (*Turns, taken by surprise*) Hello, Lilly. Wasn't Jimmie here?

LILLY. (*Rising and crossing to L.*) Yes, but he just went into the garden with Georgy. (*Music.*)

MEEKIN. (*Relieved and smiling*) Oh—I thought something had happened to him.

LILLY. (*Opening windows L.C. and looking off*)

Oh, what a glorious night! You know, as I sat out there a little while ago, looking over the water with the silvery shadows from the moon, I could see embattled fortresses, and moats and medieval knights.

MEEKIN. (*Incredulous, looks out over the Sound*) You could see all that on the Sound?

LILLY. Oh! You don't understand, do you?

(JIMMIE is heard whistling, "I'm coming" off L.)

MEEKIN. (*Trying to get LILLY away*) Lilly, may I get you an ice?

LILLY. Oh, no, thank you. I really don't care for ices—they're much too cold.

MEEKIN. Then I'll get you some hot consommé—hot chocolate—tomato bisque—— (*Music starts again.*) I want to hear more about those moats and medieval knights. (*They pass out R.C.*)

(GEORGY runs on from L. and stops R. stage, then JIMMIE follows and stops L.C.)

JIMMIE. What did you want to run away like that for?

GEORGY. You had no right to hold my hand.

JIMMIE. I had the right of a man about to ask a girl to marry him.

GEORGY. (*Surprised*) Jimmie—were you going to propose?

JIMMIE. Certainly I was.

GEORGY. (*Regretfully*) Oh, I had no idea—— (*Crosses to seat L.*) Really—you were so unromantic talking about bull pups—or I should have let you finish. I'm sorry. (*Sits.*)

JIMMIE. That's all right. That's all right.

GEORGY. Well?

JIMMIE. Well, I'll finish now. (*Sits beside her.*) Georgy, will you be my wife?

GEORGY. No, Jimmie.

JIMMIE. What?

GEORGY. No, Jimmie—I can't.

JIMMIE. Why not?

GEORGY. I'm engaged.

JIMMIE. Engaged!

GEORGY. Yes—secretly.

JIMMIE. Are you sure?

GEORGY. (*Laughing*) Of course I'm sure.

JIMMIE. Well, I mean, is it a sort of an understanding on your part from his attitude, or does he know it too?

GEORGY. Why, of course he knows it—it's Joe.

JIMMIE. Joe?

GEORGY. Oh, Jimmie, I'm sorry.

JIMMIE. (*Rises and crosses to R.*) Not half as sorry as I am. I tell you, Georgy, when you've picked out the one girl in the world, it's heart-breaking to find she's secretly engaged. I can't tell you how disappointed I am.

GEORGY. Oh, Jimmie! (*Rises and crosses to him.*) You won't let my refusing you break your heart or spoil your life, will you? Why, I shouldn't like to feel that—promise me.

JIMMIE. I promise. And you promise you won't say anything to anybody, either, will you?

GEORGY. Indeed I won't—it'll be just our little secret.

JIMMIE. Well, Georgy, as long as I can't have you, I suppose I've got to make up my mind to take someone else.

GEORGY. Oh, I understand—and I forgive you.

JIMMIE. And I'd appreciate a little tip from you. Now, when Joe proposed to you—how did he go about it—what did he say?

GEORGY. He just asked me.

JIMMIE. Yes, I suppose he must have—but was he sentimental, romantic, practical—what?

GEORGY. Oh, he was wonderful! He kneeled down before me and said, "I love you, I adore you—I know I'm not worthy to be your husband, but won't you make me the happiest man in the world, darling little woman?" (JIMMIE *laughs.*) Oh, Jimmie—don't laugh!

JIMMIE. Understand, I'm not laughing at *you*—I'm just laughing at the idea of *my* trying to say that, that's all.

GEORGY. It's a beautiful way.

JIMMIE. It must be—it worked—and I suppose even proposals repeat themselves. I'm very much obliged to you for the way you've taken things. (*Scratches out her name in his book.*) Georgy!

GEORGY. What?

JIMMIE. Oh, nothing—nothing.

JOE. (*Enters and comes down to L. of GEORGY*) Hello, Georgy! (*Music.*) I've just heard wonderful news—Yukon went up two points today.

GEORGY. Splendid—and I've just told Jimmie about us—but he won't say anything.

JIMMIE. No. Congratulations, Joe, I envy you.

JOE. And why not—everything's great—stocks are up and we're going to be married—I feel just like singing or dancing or something.

(MEEKIN'S *whistle is heard off R.C.*)

JIMMIE. Don't you feel like taking a walk or something?

JOE. Yes, that's just what I do feel like. (*They start to go L.*)

JIMMIE. (*Hearing MEEKIN'S signal and stopping them*) Pardon me. (*Goes up to GEORGY.*) You won't forget your promise not to say anything? (*Exits R.C., whistling "Old Black Joe."*)

GEORGY. (*Pause*) No, indeed. (*They start off*)

L.) Poor Jimmie! You can never guess what happened.

JOE. What?

GEORGY. (*As they are going out*) I'll tell you in the garden. Jimmie got me alone and the very first thing he asked me to marry him.

JOE. (*Stopping her*) What?

(PEGGY enters R.C.)

GEORGY. Of course he didn't know about you and me. (*They start again.*)

PEGGY. (*Entering L.*) Hello, Georgy.

GEORGY. (*Stops and turns to her*) Hello, Peggy.

PEGGY. I want to speak to you.

GEORGY. You don't mind, Joe?

JOE. Oh, of course. I'll wait in the garden.

PEGGY. Have you seen Jimmie?

GEORGY. Rather—we had a nice chat. (*Comes back to C.*)

PEGGY. Did he propose to you?

GEORGY. I could hardly tell you that.

PEGGY. Then of course he did.

GEORGY. No—we just talked about bull pups.

PEGGY. What else did Jimmie say?

GEORGY. He said he liked my voice—he said it was so low and throaty.

PEGGY. Throaty—he thought your voice was throaty.

GEORGY. That's what he said.

PEGGY. (*Thoughtfully*) Oh—so he likes throaty voices.

GEORGY. He seemed to. (*They start out L.*) Now I'll tell you all about Jimmie. Of course you won't tell him I told you, because I promised faithfully—
(GEORGY and PEGGY exit L.)

(JIMMIE and MEEKIN enter R.C.)

JIMMIE. (*Coming down L.*) That was a fine start—proposing to an engaged girl! Why didn't you tell me she was engaged?

MEEKIN. How the deuce did I know?

JIMMIE. Well, find those things out.

MEEKIN. Why pick on me?

JIMMIE. Why not—you got me into this? Do something! Who is there now?

MEEKIN. I've got Lilly Trevor drinking consommé—— (*He starts.*) Oh, Jim—here's Peggy Wood coming this way.

JIMMIE. All right—I'll tackle her now. Listen, don't let Lilly get away—go entertain her.

MEEKIN. How'll I entertain her?

JIMMIE. Recite to her—give imitations—do card tricks—but don't let her get away.

MEEKIN. All right—now, don't lose your nerve.

JIMMIE. Don't you worry about me. You know, I'm beginning to like this sort of thing.

MEEKIN. You'll be an expert by midnight.

(*PEGGY enters L.*)

JIMMIE. Hello, Peggy. (*She nods.*)

MEEKIN. You'll pardon my running away like this, won't you? I promised to recite some card tricks to Lilly Trevor. I'll be right back. (*Exits R.C.*)

JIMMIE. Won't you sit down, Peggy? (*She sits in third seat L. He gets ready for his proposal.*) Well, Peggy!

PEGGY. (*Leaning forward and speaking with a low, throaty voice—an exaggerated imitation of an exaggerated imitation of ETHEL BARRYMORE. She can scarcely be understood*) Jimmie, I'm awfully glad to see you.

JIMMIE. Beg pardon?

PEGGY. (*Louder*) Awfully glad to be here, Jimmie.

JIMMIE. (*Goes over to her*) Awfully glad to have you here, Peggy. (*Goes to R.*)

PEGGY. It must be awfully hard to know just what to do.

JIMMIE. (*Goes over to her*) What?

PEGGY. (*A little louder*) I was saying, it must be awfully hard to know just what to do.

JIMMIE. No, not what to do—grandfather made that plain enough—but how to do it! Ha, ha! There he wasn't so explicit. (*Paces down to R. again.*)

PEGGY. Proposing does seem to fluster a man, but I should think it was easy.

JIMMIE. (*Crossing to her*) Eh? You should think it was what?

PEGGY. I say I should think it was easy to propose.

JIMMIE. You should—well, you ought to try it. (*Goes R. again.*)

PEGGY. My dear Jimmie, there is something I want to tell you.

JIMMIE. What?

PEGGY. I say, there is something I want to tell you.

JIMMIE. What?

PEGGY. Something that has been on my mind.

JIMMIE. (*Leaning over to her*) Say, am I getting deaf, or have you got a cold?

PEGGY. I thought you liked throaty voices.

JIMMIE. Like throaty voices—I detest them! (*Goes up to door R.C.*)

PEGGY. (*Disappointed*) Well, I have a cold, but I'll try to talk louder. (*More natural.*) As I was saying, Jimmie—

JIMMIE. Listen, Peggy, listen, for I must tell you what's in my heart—— (*He kneels.*) I love you—

I adore you—I know you're not worthy to be my wife—I know I'm not worthy to be your husband—but, ah, do make me the happiest of men. Say you'll be my wife—darling little woman!

PEGGY. Do you mean it?

JIMMIE. You don't suppose I'd be doing all this if I didn't mean it, do you?

PEGGY. Jimmie, that doesn't sound a bit like you.

JIMMIE. Well, I haven't been myself tonight.

PEGGY. Jimmie, it's very sweet of you to kneel at my feet and to make that impassioned plea—but I think the day for that sort of thing is past and gone.

JIMMIE. You do?

PEGGY. For me, no fuss—no lovey dovey, sentimental rubbish—just a practical platonic marriage—that's my ideal.

JIMMIE. You mean just a sort of a business proposition?

PEGGY. Exactly.

JIMMIE. At last—that's fine! (*Sits beside her.*)

PEGGY. You don't mean *that* would appeal to you!

JIMMIE. Certainly it would.

PEGGY. But you spoke of love—and sentiment—and adoration——

JIMMIE. I know—but if I can't get what I want, I'll take what I can get.

PEGGY. Jimmie, that's very sensible of you, and I think we'll be very happy—with our separate establishments—you with your little bachelor apartment in town—and I with my country estate—of course, you'll have to be in town a good deal of the time anyway.

JIMMIE. (*Shaking his head*) Yes, but I'm afraid that wouldn't quite do.

PEGGY. But it's the ideal marriage.

JIMMIE. I grant you that, but you see, my grandfather was rather eccentric and his will stipulated that during the first year of our married life my

wife and I must not separate or live apart for more than two consecutive days.

PEGGY. Live apart—why did he stipulate that?

JIMMIE. (*Awkwardly*) Well, you see—I'm the last of the Shannons—— (*Coughs.*) Now, grandfather wanted me to marry in order to—carry on the Shannon traditions.

PEGGY. Carry on the Shannon traditions?

JIMMIE. Yes—to—er—you understand what I mean—to—ah—perpetuate the family.

PEGGY. Perpetuate?

JIMMIE. The race—the family. You see, he pictured me on one side of the fireplace and you—he was very fond of you, Peggy—there you were on the other—and eight or ten tots about.

PEGGY. Eight or ten?

JIMMIE. Well, six or seven, however it may turn out.

PEGGY. Six or seven! Perpetuate the family! (*As it dawns on her she rises, highly insulted.*) How dare you, Mr. Shannon—how dare you insult me! (*Goes up c.*)

JIMMIE. (*Rises*) But I'm not insulting you—I'm asking you to marry me, Lilly.

PEGGY. Lilly!

JIMMIE. I meant Peggy.

PEGGY. Perpetuate your family! Do you think I'm that sort of woman—perpetuate your *own* family! (*Exits R.C.*)

JIMMIE. Oh! (*Takes out book and scratches her name off.*)

MEEKIN. (*Enters R., comes down to R. of JIMMIE and sees him scratching out name in book*) Didn't Peggy accept you?

JIMMIE. She did not—she doesn't want to be married—she wants to be endowed.

MEEKIN. She didn't seem like that.

JIMMIE. None of 'em seem the way they ought

to be. What are you doing standing there wasting my time?

MEEKIN. Don't worry! I'll get you one.

JIMMIE. Hasten!

MEEKIN. (*Goes up to door R.C.*) Oh, Jim, here come a couple now.

JIMMIE. Who are they?

MEEKIN. Can't make out from here—but it doesn't matter, either of 'em'll do—I only picked peaches—which one do you want?

JIMMIE. How do I know?

MEEKIN. That's so—well, you step in that room. I'll get them here and plant them, and then bring you along. Just leave it all to me.

JIMMIE. (*Crosses to door R.*) You've been a great help to me this evening, Meek. (*Exits R.*)

MEEKIN. I've had a lot of experience. (*FLORENCE and BETTY enter R.C.*) Hello, girls!

GIRLS. Hello.

MEEKIN. Having a good time?

BETTY. Perfectly delightful.

FLORENCE. So nice of you to ask us.

MEEKIN. (*Imitates her tone*) So nice of you to come. Why aren't you dancing?

BETTY. We don't care for the one-step, it's so old-fashioned.

MEEKIN. Well, I'll have them play a fox-trot.

BETTY. That'll be lovely.

FLORENCE. That's fine.

MEEKIN. Will you sit here and wait for me? Don't go away. I'll be right back. (*Goes up to door R.C.—the girls sit L.*)

FLORENCE. I hope he gets us a partner.

BETTY. Anybody but that story-teller.

(*MEEKIN has gone up to window R.C., but does not go out; when he sees the girls seated, he goes to door R., motions for JIMMIE, who enters R., and*

they come to c., keeping time to the music. MEEKIN points to the two girls. JIMMIE is pleased with them, shakes MEEKIN'S hand. MEEKIN motions to JIMMIE to pick one of them. JIMMIE covers his eyes with his left hand and picks one of the girls blind with the right hand on the fifth count. MEEKIN looks along the direction of JIMMIE'S finger to see which girl he picked, goes over and points to BETTY. JIMMIE claps his hands and motions that he picked the other girl. MEEKIN pretends to ignore his choice and is about to speak to BETTY when JIMMIE claps his hands again and with larger and more decisive gestures insists that he chooses the other girl. MEEKIN gives in and goes to back of girls between them and yells, the girls jump and scream.)

MEEKIN. Scared you, didn't I? What were you doing, dreaming about your heroes? (*Points to JIMMIE.*) Look who's with me.

JIMMIE. Hello, girls.

FLORENCE. Hello, Jimmie.

JIMMIE. (*Comes down R. and flirts with FLORENCE*) I want to talk to you, Florence.

FLORENCE. Really?

MEEKIN. And I want a little chat with you, Betty.

BETTY. All right—what about?

MEEKIN. I can't talk to you in here. (*BETTY rises and comes up to him.*) Come out into the garden—for as I sat there a little while ago, beneath the silver shadows of the moon, I could see medieval mutts.

BETTY. What?

MEEKIN. Moats and embattled fortresses. (*As they pass out L.*)

JIMMIE. (*Comes over to FLORENCE*) Now, I

suppose you read about me in the papers this morning, Florence.

FLORENCE. Oh, is that what you wanted to talk to me about?

JIMMIE. You see, I'll have twelve million dollars.

FLORENCE. It's no use, Jimmie. (*JIMMIE sits beside her—she rises and gets to c.*) I know what you're going to say.

JIMMIE. You do? I wish I did!

FLORENCE. You want me to marry you.

JIMMIE. And you will?

FLORENCE. No, Jimmie. I want a man who can compel me—a big man—a man of strength—a man who will take me up in his arms and carry me away to some far-off cave—— (*Pause.*) You couldn't do that.

JIMMIE. (*Looking her over*) No, I guess you're right.

FLORENCE. You wouldn't even try.

JIMMIE. Not unless I went into training.

FLORENCE. (*Stamps her foot and goes R.*) You joke about it.

JIMMIE. It's no joke to think of carrying you to some far-off cave. (*FLORENCE starts.*) Well, if you must be going, you must be going. Good-bye, Florence.

FLORENCE. Good-bye! (*Exits R.C.*)

MEEKIN. (*Entering L.*) Well, how about it?

JIMMIE. She wanted a cave man. (*Takes out book and scratches out her name.*)

MEEKIN. Out?

JIMMIE. Out! Who is there now?

MEEKIN. I've got Lilly all set.

JIMMIE. Then bring on Lilly!

MEEKIN. Remember what I said. No sentiment, no romance—just give her the facts.

JIMMIE. I'm through with that romance rubbish

—it just bags your trousers and doesn't get you anywhere.

MEEKIN. (*Goes up to door R.C. and stops*) Gosh Peter, I forgot where I left her.

JIMMIE. Of course you would, when every moment's precious!

MEEKIN. Oh, I remember—on the Sound.

JIMMIE. Well, I can't propose to her out there.

MEEKIN. I mean on the moats, an embattled fortress.

JIMMIE. What's the matter with you?

MEEKIN. (*Imitating LILLY*) Oh, you don't understand, do you! (*Exits R.C.*)

JIMMIE. (*Rehearsing his proposal*) No sentiment—no romance—I'm not one to beat about the bush.

(*LILLY enters R.C. and comes down to JIMMIE and touches him on the arm; he turns to her with a wide gesture, takes her hand and swings her around to seat L. She sits.*)

LILLY. Jimmie!

JIMMIE. Lilly, I'm not one to beat about the bush. With me—no sentiment—no romance—just plain, practical common sense—plus friendship. We are friends, aren't we, Lilly?

LILLY. Of course we are, Jimmie.

JIMMIE. (*Sits beside her*) Then, Lilly, don't you think that a marriage based on congeniality could be happy?

LILLY. No, Jimmie.

JIMMIE. At any rate, for a year?

LILLY. Not even for ten minutes. There must be love—real love—the love that comes down from the brave days of old.

JIMMIE. (*Looks around where MEEKIN went out*) Really? And yet there must be somewhere a charming, delightful girl who would marry me.

LILLY. Oh, I don't know—maybe—maybe there are dozens of them.

JIMMIE. I want only one. Lilly, do you by any chance know her—know a girl who has known me and liked me and could take me and my proposition, my business proposition, and look it in the face and forget love? (*Very slowly.*) Could you, Lilly—would you, Lilly—will you, Lilly?

LILLY. Oh, Jimmie—I'm afraid not.

JIMMIE. Well, of course I hardly hoped you'd say yes, right off the reel—— You know, you've such beautiful hair, Lilly. My favorite color. I love the way it sort of curls behind your ear. You are the one girl in the whole world that I've picked out and I won't take no for an answer.

LILLY. But it is no, Jimmie.

JIMMIE. Well, don't you think you could sort of grow to love me?

LILLY. No, Jimmie—and for me, marriage without love is impossible. Oh, I've dreamed of my great romance—romance like that in the days gone by when knights went out to battle for the glove of a lady.

JIMMIE. You've been dreaming too much. You see, that's the old idea. We don't go in much for love nowadays. Think, Lilly, think—instead of holding hands—clipping coupons.

LILLY. (*Rises and crosses to R.*) Oh, but I wouldn't give up my dreams for all the millions in the world. Just think, Jimmie, pretty soon I shall be like these flowers. (*Bouquet.*) It's sort of pathetic, isn't it? For, after all, they've been gathered—and they've been worn—while I—I'm to wither where I grow.

JIMMIE. (*Rises*) Why wither—marry me and stay young. You could have any darned thing you want, Lilly!

LILLY. Oh, even that wouldn't make up for ro-

mance and the flower of love. I must have the one, one man—my prince of dreams!

JIMMIE. You know, I'm beginning to think you're actually refusing me.

LILLY. Yes, I am, Jimmie—and I'm sorry. Oh, Jimmie, I may as well be honest with you—I've had my one romance—it's the memory of it that keeps me happy—— Oh, Jimmie! Oh, Jimmie! (*Turns up, sobbing.*)

JIMMIE. (*Looking about to see that no one is coming*) Well, of course, I don't like to break in on your happiness—but do you mind telling me how *he* proposed to you?

LILLY. (*Turning*) Oh, I don't know—he just sort of looked at me—and I looked back at him—and *we knew*.

JIMMIE. Didn't he say anything?

LILLY. No—we saw it in each other's eyes.

JIMMIE. You saw it in his eyes?

LILLY. In his blue—blue eyes. Oh, Jimmie—Jimmie! (*Goes up to door R.C. and turns. JIMMIE goes to L. She exits R.C. JIMMIE scratches her name out.*)

MEEKIN. (*Enters R.*) Did Lilly refuse you?

JIMMIE. Your intuition is extraordinary.

MEEKIN. I wouldn't have believed it of her.

JIMMIE. She doesn't want money—she wants the flower of love—whatever that is. I had the wrong make-up for that girl—I should have had a plumed hat and a cart-wheel coat and a sword. (*Strikes attitude.*) I tell you, Meek, women are the limit!

MEEKIN. Well, if at first——

JIMMIE. Don't you worry—I'll try again. I'll be the most engaged man you ever saw. Great Scott, only two hours and twenty minutes! And you with the stuff that women want no sentiment, no romance, that bunk—that's just what they do want—they love it.

MEEKIN. Well, try it that way, then.

JIMMIE. I'm going to. Who bats after Lilly?

(*'PHONE.*)

MEEKIN. (*'Phone rings. Goes to 'phone*) Hello, yes—just a minute, please. He's right here. Oh, Jim, a lady wants to talk to you.

JIMMIE. A lady? (*Takes 'phone*) Hello—yes—oh, hello, Ethel! (*To MEEKIN*) Beat it, I've got a nibble! (*MEEKIN exits R.C.*) Hello, Ethel—certainly Meek sent you an invitation. The party was really given in your honor.—That's right, twelve million dollars.—Yes, I know.—Always been the best of friends.—Ethel, there's something I want to ask you.—Will you marry me?—Central, get that party back for me, will you?—Hello!—no, this isn't the garage!—Hello, will you marry me?—Huh?—No, not you, Central.—Hello, that you, Ethel? Did you hear what I asked you? That's fine, but there's something very important. We've got to be married by midnight. Yes, still goes.—Great! I'll be right over and get you right away. Where are you—where? Poughkeepsie? (*Puts down 'phone.*)

MEEKIN. (*Enters R.C.*) Jim, did the girl on the telephone accept you?

JIMMIE. She did—but she's in Poughkeepsie.

MEEKIN. That's great! I've good news at last! Anne is home.

JIMMIE. Anne? But she'd gone away till Monday.

MEEKIN. I know—started for the Adirondacks—but she changed her mind, spent the night in Albany and got back an hour ago. She telephoned over to see if Lilly was here. I talked to her, begged her to come right over, and fixed it. She's on her way.

JIMMIE. Oh, Anne!—the girl I wanted first of all. Now, when all the other girls have failed—You're right, Meek—it is good news, great news—dear old Anne!

MEEKIN. Now listen, Jim. I've thought this all over—you've got to be more personal.

JIMMIE. Personal?

MEEKIN. Yes, now when Anne comes, hold her hand—talk to her about her eyes, her hair—lay the slush on thick. Will you try it?

JIMMIE. I've tried everything else—I might as well try that—but to me it seems hopeless. (*Suddenly*) How would it be if I just looked in her eyes?

MEEKIN. Great! Where did you get it?

JIMMIE. Oh, I've been a busy little fellow to-night—I've picked up a lot of points.

MEEKIN. Oh, and another thing—what'll I have the orchestra play?

JIMMIE. Which orchestra play what?

MEEKIN. Sure—they always have it on the stage—sentimental tunes for love scenes—the power of suggestion—something sad and plaintive.

JIMMIE. That's the idea. I feel sad and plaintive—but don't start the sneaky music too soon—wait till I work up to the love speech, will you?

MEEKIN. How'll I know?

JIMMIE. Stick around and listen until I say, "A book of verses underneath the bough"—then turn on the band and beat it, understand?

MEEKIN. "A book of verses underneath the bough"—all right—now I'll get Anne. (*Starts up R.C.*)

JIMMIE. She's here?

MEEKIN. Yes.

JIMMIE. Why didn't you say so?

MEEKIN. I want to coach you first. (*Goes up to door R.C.*)

JIMMIE. That was nice of you.

ANNE. (*Enters R.C.*) Hello, Jimmie.

JIMMIE. Oh, Anne—I'm mighty glad to see you.

ANNE. (*Shakes hands*) And I'm mighty glad to see you, too.

MEEKIN. You'll excuse me, won't you—I have to see the orchestra leader. (*Exits R.C.*)

JIMMIE. Well, Anne, this is good of you.

ANNE. I've read all about you, Jimmie—may I congratulate you?

JIMMIE. No, you may not.

ANNE. Aren't you engaged yet?

JIMMIE. (*Emphatically*) I am not.

ANNE. (*Quizzically*) How on earth have you escaped?

JIMMIE. It's extraordinary, isn't it? I'll admit, though, I've been pursued.

ANNE. Millions tend to popularity.

JIMMIE. Yes, but I'm not thinking of the millions now—but of the girl.

ANNE. What girl?

JIMMIE. (*Grandly*) Ah, what girl! (*Getting ready for his campaign.*) Well, Anne!

ANNE. (*Imitating his tone*) Well, Jimmie!

JIMMIE. Sit down, Anne—I want to talk to you. (*ANNE starts L.*) Not there—it's unlucky. (*Places chair R.C. to C.*)

(*ANNE sits. JIMMIE gets chair at telephone table, sees MEEKIN on veranda waiting for signal, motions him, "Not yet."* MEEKIN exits R. JIMMIE brings chair down to L. of her and stands behind it, blinking his eyes at her.)

ANNE. What's the matter, Jimmie?

JIMMIE. (*Sits in chair facing her*) Do you see anything in my eyes?

ANNE. No. (*He rubs his eyes.*) Don't rub it—perhaps it's a cinder.

JIMMIE. All right—it's out. Oh, Anne, I wish you'd been here at the dinner tonight.

ANNE. I do too, Jimmie.

JIMMIE. (*Sighing*) And I wish there'd only been you and me.

ANNE. (*During all this scene, ANNE, conscious of what JIMMIE has in mind, is directing the conversation in appropriate channels and making it easy for him*) Well, that could be remedied.

JIMMIE. How?

ANNE. Ask me to dinner tomorrow—(*Switches chair around, facing him*)—alone.

JIMMIE. I will. Will you come?

ANNE. Oh, rather—I should love to dine with a millionaire.

(*MEEKIN strolls on veranda.*)

JIMMIE. Yes, but I'm not a millionaire.

ANNE. But you will be.

JIMMIE. (*Reflectively*) Yes. (*Motions MEEKIN and he exits.*)

ANNE. (*Turning front, arm on back of chair*) It must be an exciting sensation to suddenly fall into millions.

JIMMIE. It's nerve-racking.

ANNE. And with all that huge income to spend—you can do anything—so can your wife.

JIMMIE. Pretty nearly.

ANNE. Money is the most important thing in the world, isn't it?

JIMMIE. Well, I should say so.

ANNE. Still, love's not to be despised.

JIMMIE. Rather not. (*Warmly.*) Oh, Anne, I do like you.

ANNE. (*With a glint in her eye*) Do you, Jimmie?

JIMMIE. And you like me a little, don't you?

ANNE. Huh, huh!

JIMMIE. In spite of my rudeness?

ANNE. (*Practically*) Of course I do.

JIMMIE. You forgive all that, don't you?

ANNE. Of course.

JIMMIE. (*Rises and goes up c., putting chair up to table c.*) "A book of verses underneath the bough."

(*MEEKIN is seen on veranda and at JIMMIE'S signal he dashes off R. and the music starts.*)

ANNE. Oh, that is flattering of you.

JIMMIE. (*Above her*) It's a pretty poem, isn't it?

ANNE. (*Twinkling*) Yes—and it's a nice idea. (*Turns in her chair to R., looking off.*) What a pretty song!

JIMMIE. (*Coming down to R. of her*) Isn't it? So haunting—so full of unspoken things—it somehow fits my mood tonight.

ANNE. Does it, Jimmie?

JIMMIE. (*Encouraged*) Isn't that a new ring, Anne? (*Takes her hand.*)

ANNE. I've worn it a year.

JIMMIE. Funny—I never noticed it before.

ANNE. Yes.

JIMMIE. (*Suddenly*) You're not engaged, are you, Anne?

ANNE. No, Jimmie. Why?

JIMMIE. (*Looking where he and GEORGY sat*) Nothing. How very black your eyes are.

ANNE. They're brown.

JIMMIE. They seem black to me.

ANNE. (*Helpfully*) Perhaps they do in some lights.

JIMMIE. You've nice eyes, Anne—I like the way they look at you.

ANNE. (*Generously*) I like that, Jimmie.

JIMMIE. And your hand—so firm and strong, so full of character.

ANNE. (*Still letting him hold her hand*) You've a nice hand, too, Jimmie.

JIMMIE. What beautiful hair you have, Anne—my favorite color. I love the way it sort of curls behind your ear.

ANNE. You're sentimental tonight, Jimmie.

JIMMIE. Yes, I suppose I am.

ANNE. I've never seen you like this before. (*She starts to take her hand away.*)

JIMMIE. Ah! Don't move. You know—as you sit there now your hair—why, it looks like a sunset on a summer sea.

ANNE. (*Suppressing her humor, but almost bursting*) That's beautiful, Jimmie.

JIMMIE. (*Sighing*) Oh, Anne!

ANNE. Oh, Jimmie!

JIMMIE. (*Full of romance*) If I could only say the things I feel.

ANNE. I know—I know how hard it is to say what one really feels.

JIMMIE. You do understand so well.

ANNE. Indeed I do.

JIMMIE. Isn't it wonderful—after loving a girl all these years—a girl with lovely black-brown eyes—and long, long lashes—and beautiful hair and hands—and never being able to afford to speak—suddenly luck or fate plays into a fellow's hands and makes it possible for him to—— (*ANNE covers her face, laughing.*) What's the matter?

ANNE. (*Looking up, barely able to speak*) You're so funny!

JIMMIE. Funny?—I'm making love to you.

ANNE. Oh, Jimmie! (*Rises, laughing.*) If you were eighteen, I could forgive you—but at thirty! Oh, Jimmie—Jimmie—— (*Goes to L.C.*)

JIMMIE. Anne, I want that money.

ANNE. Of course you want it.

JIMMIE. Will you help me get it?

ANNE. Oh, so you've chosen me, eh? But there is just one thing, Jimmie—I'm in love.

JIMMIE. I don't mind.

ANNE. You're not interested who it is?

JIMMIE. Not a bit.

ANNE. As I am in love with a man who doesn't love me—I've put aside my romance for this idea of a commercial marriage with you—but there's one obstacle.

JIMMIE. For the love of heaven—what is it?

ANNE. Have you ever been in love—really in love?

JIMMIE. (*Convincingly*) No, Anne, never—once when I was eighteen I thought I was, but it was just, you know—curiosity. No, Anne, I can come to you—how is it they say?—"heart whole and fancy free"!

ANNE. That's just what I was afraid of.

JIMMIE. Afraid?

ANNE. Some day you will fall in love—and when you do—well, I couldn't bear to be married to a man who loved someone else.

JIMMIE. But I promise you I won't fall in love.

ANNE. Oh, Jimmie—have you the slightest conception of what loving someone and wanting that someone really means?

JIMMIE. No, not the slightest.

ANNE. Then, Jimmie, when you do want her—God help you if you don't get her!

JIMMIE. (*Impressed*) It's like that, is it?

ANNE. Just like that.

JIMMIE. (*Pausing and half ashamed*) Well, Anne, I want to take back that "sunset on a summer sea." I thought girls liked that sort of thing.

ANNE. (*Pause, then smiling*) You don't love me, Jimmie—the least bit. (*Slight move to him.*)

JIMMIE. (*Honestly*) I didn't, Anne, but I believe I'm beginning to—I really believe I would—that's honest. Now what do you say?

ANNE. (*Pause, slight move back*) Jimmie—this morning when I read the papers on the train—to tell the truth, that's why I came back so unexpectedly—I asked myself the question—"Would you marry him—would you, Anne? Now, you've known Jimmie for a long time. You know all his bachelor faults—his odd little ways—and his good points, too—now, knowing him as you do, would you consider—I mean, would you——" (*Changing abruptly*) Well, would you?

JIMMIE. Well, would you?

ANNE. Yes.

JIMMIE. (*Scarcely believing it*) Oh, Anne, you've made me very happy—everything will be all right. Why shouldn't it, with all that money? And, by the way, to get it we've got to marry pretty soon—that's wonderful, Anne. (*Takes her in his arms, attempting to kiss her; she withdraws from his embrace and steps back.*) What's the matter?

ANNE. (*With deep feeling*) I thought I could, but I can't. Oh, Jimmie, you don't know what it means to me—to give it all up! You don't know what mother went through—what I went through to keep us alive—until we got that dab of money from my uncle. We went hungry, Jimmie, and cold—and made our own clothes over and over again. Do you know what it means for two women to fight the world—and fail? And then came our thousand—our great big thousand dollars—oh, the joy of it!—of being able to live just a little—but it had all left its scars, scars on the brain, scars on the heart. We were beaten, Jimmie, and afraid to enjoy—almost afraid to live. And then you came along. You can't imagine how I dreamed this morning—how I thought and argued—and how I *hoped!* We could

have everything—luxuries and comforts—pretty things—and courage and power—and live, Jimmie, live! And so I said “yes” to myself—I said it to you and I meant it then—but I can’t do it. It’s a high price you offer, Jimmie—millions—it’s a ghastly temptation—but, oh, Jimmie, I’m not for sale—I’m not for sale!

JIMMIE. Why, Anne, I never even faintly realized I was offering to *buy* you.

ANNE. I believe you, Jimmie.

JIMMIE. And I’m sorry, Anne, mighty sorry.

ANNE. (*Getting back her poise*) It’s all right, Jimmie—all right.

JIMMIE. (*Curiously*) It’s hard to believe, though, that practical Anne——

ANNE. I do keep my pose pretty well, don’t I?

JIMMIE. There are two of you alike.

ANNE. Not even one. (*Exits U.L.*)

MEEKIN. (*Enters R.*) Where’s Anne?

JIMMIE. (*Goes up L.C.*) Gone.

MEEKIN. You don’t mean——

JIMMIE. Yes, I do.

MEEKIN. That’s too bad—well, don’t be discouraged. (*Puts chair ANNE has been sitting in back in place.*)

JIMMIE. Discouraged! Say, what the devil’s the matter with me?

MEEKIN. Why, nothing.

JIMMIE. Nothing? I’ve proposed to six girls—they’ve all thrown me flat. Lots of poor men marry—blind men, lame men, men who stutter or drink or beat their wives. I don’t do those things—any of them.

MEEKIN. The trouble is we’ve been altogether too fussy—we’ve tried ’em too young and pretty—the thing to do now is to find some older girl—thirty—thirty-five or forty. Marjorie White—she’s thirty-five if she’s a day, and not a bit pretty.

JIMMIE. I don't want that sort of a girl—I don't want any girl—I tell you, Meek, that I've finished!

MEEKIN. What's happened to you, Jimmie? You act as if you were really in love with Anne! (*He laughs.*)

JIMMIE. What are you laughing at—what's funny in that?

MEEKIN. (*Stops laughing, turning on him in surprise*) Are you in love with Anne?

JIMMIE. (*Confused*) Of course not—certainly not!

MEEKIN. (*Crosses to L.*) Oh, you'll get all over this when you get out of your trance. Now for Marjorie White—she'll make you a good, comfortable wife even if she is homely. I'll run get her—she only lives a mile from here. (*Exits L.*)

GODDARD. (*Enters R.*) Say, Jim, have you heard about Yukon?

JIMMIE. What about it?

GODDARD. My brokers just telephoned me that Meyer & Co. are giving up the project.

JIMMIE. What?

GODDARD. Because they can't get a clear title to the property. Why, the bottom'll drop out of it tomorrow!

JIMMIE. And Meek! Poor Meek—he put every cent he had in it—bought 4,000 shares more——

GODDARD. He did? *

JIMMIE. Just because I said I'd back him. Do you realize what that means to him? Everything busted, smashed—and I'm to blame!

GODDARD. Oh, say, Jim, but you can fix all that, with your twelve millions, when you marry—unless you're not going to marry—— Say, aren't you? (*Takes his arm and faces him around.*)

JIMMIE. Yes, I'm going to marry and mighty soon. I've got to now—for Meek's sake—if I can.

GODDARD. Well, of course you can.

JIMMIE. Yes, of course I can—when six girls have all thrown me flat.

GODDARD. What?

JIMMIE. And I'll have twelve million dollars! I can't understand it. My God, I can't be as homely as all that, you know!

GODDARD. Oh, well, there must be somebody.

JIMMIE. Yes, there must be somebody—but who—who? I've only one hour—one short hour.

GODDARD. Marjorie White!

JIMMIE. Meek's on his way there now. I'll 'phone him to bring her right over. It's an awful thought, though.

GODDARD. Yes, it is. I'll try and dig up somebody else.

JIMMIE. Dig? It looks as if we'd have to blast!

(GODDARD exits R. JIMMIE gets telephone book and brings it down to back of chair R. and begins to look up number. IRENE enters L. dressed as a much older girl. She sees JIMMIE, puts her train down, pulls up her gloves, arranges her waist and sweeps around past JIMMIE, who just glances up as she passes him and crosses to L. She turns to him.)

IRENE. Hello, Jimmie Shannon.

JIMMIE. Hello.

IRENE. You don't remember me, do you?

JIMMIE. No, I'm sorry.

IRENE. I'm Irene Trevor—Lilly's sister.

JIMMIE. (Comes down to her) Well, well, well. But the last time I saw you you were just a little bit of a girl.

IRENE. And now I'm quite grown up—I'm nineteen.

JIMMIE. Fancy that! Doesn't seem possible, does it? Well, is there something I can do for you?

IRENE. Oh, no—I just thought I'd run over to the party—and here we are.

JIMMIE. Yes, yes—so I see. (*IRENE crosses to chair R., manages her train with difficulty and sits.*) Your train doesn't seem to be running on schedule. You'll pardon me, won't you? There's something very important I've got to attend to—I promised to telephone——

IRENE. Wait—tell me, Jimmie—you don't mind my asking—are you engaged yet? I mean, was there some girl you'd always adored in secret and now you are free to speak—or are you still waiting?

JIMMIE. No, I'm still waiting.

IRENE. (*Rises*) Oh, Jimmie, how perfectly thrilling! You know, I sneaked away all by myself just to find you—and I did.

JIMMIE. What did you want to find me for?

IRENE. Oh, I don't know—I just thought I would. (*Crosses to L.*)

JIMMIE. (*Suddenly realizing she might be a possibility, shuts telephone book with a bang and throws it on chair R.*) How old did you say you were?

IRENE. Nearly twenty.

JIMMIE. Well, then you're quite old enough to know what you're doing.

IRENE. Oh, quite.

JIMMIE. We must see more of one another.

IRENE. Oh, do—let's.

JIMMIE. And talk over old times.

IRENE. Oh, that'll be fine—I've always liked you, Jimmie.

JIMMIE. Well, then, Irene, will you marry me?

IRENE. (*Backs away from him a few steps*) What—why, Jimmie!

JIMMIE. Will you marry me?

IRENE. (*Comes to him*) Of course I'll marry you.

JIMMIE. You will?

IRENE. Yes.

JIMMIE. You really mean you're accepting me?

IRENE. Yes—I did so hope you'd ask me.

JIMMIE. You're not going to change your mind—back out in a minute or two?

IRENE. No, indeed, Jimmie! Oh, it's love at first sight!

JIMMIE. There's one thing more—do you care enough about me to marry me in an hour—before midnight?

IRENE. Doesn't that make it perfectly heavenly! I know—we must elope!

JIMMIE. Uh!

IRENE. I'd never marry unless I eloped.

JIMMIE. Will it take any longer?

IRENE. No.

JIMMIE. How'll we elope?

IRENE. Just as they do here. (*Indicates book in her arm.*) Now listen—you must stay here. I'll hurry home and pack a bag—and then in an hour I'll get out the back way——

JIMMIE. I'll send a car for you.

IRENE. Yes, and I'll wear a veil—a heavy veil. Won't that be wonderful! (*Goes up to L.*)

JIMMIE. In an hour then.

IRENE. Oh, you've been perfectly charming! (*Kisses her hand to him and exits running L.*)

GODDARD. (*Enters quickly R.*) Say, Jim, I can't find a soul! Have you 'phoned?

JIMMIE. It doesn't matter—I don't have to—I'm going to marry Irene Trevor.

GODDARD. Irene! Great Scott! Not that little kid! Oh, Jimmie, take an older girl.

JIMMIE. Goddard, I've done nothing but listen

to advice all evening—now I'm going to follow my own judgment.

GODDARD. Oh, I know, Jimmie, but don't rob the cradle!

JIMMIE. I'd rather rob the cradle than the grave.

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE: *Outside the Club—the same night.*

AT RISE: GODDARD, JOE, RALPH, GEORGY, FLORENCE, BETTY, PEGGY and LILLY *are on stage.*

JOE. How about a little singing?

LILLY. Oh, I'd rather listen to the music.

PEGGY. Oh, no!

BETTY. "Bring the Wagon Home, Boys."

GODDARD. Oh, no—"Sweet Adeline."

ALL. Yes, we all know that.

JOE. Start it, Ralph.

(They sing "Sweet Adeline" once through and then change to ragtime and end up with a whoop.)

RALPH. *(Taking FLORENCE, PEGGY and BETTY aside L. to tell them a story)* Oh, girls, I've got a corking story. A chap went into the Astor to get his shoes shined—— *(And goes on telling them the story.)*

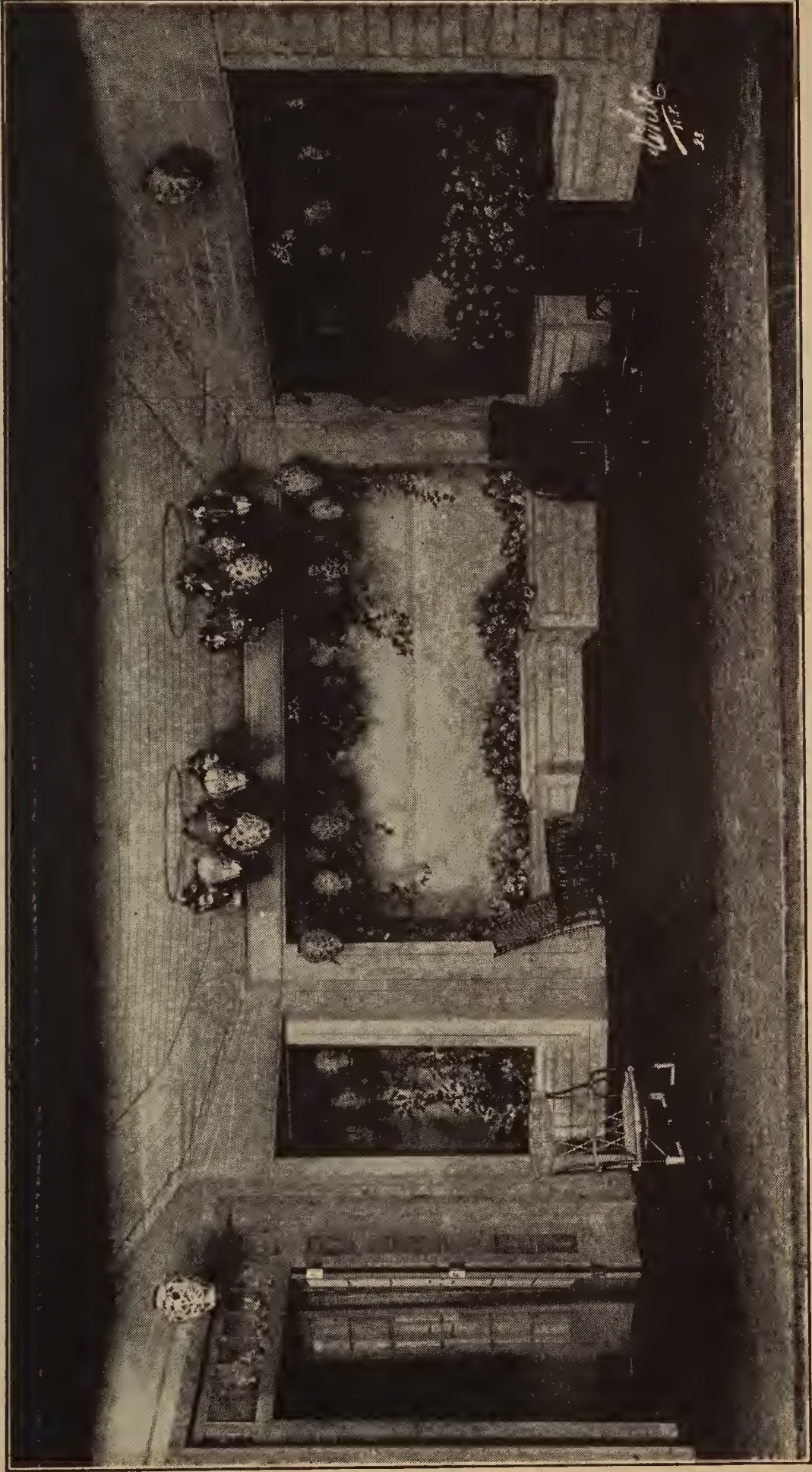
JOE. *(To GEORGY)* Come on, Georgy, let's sneak away before the room gets all crowded.

GEORGY. Do let's. Just think, I haven't danced with anyone but you all evening.

JOE. Well, you'd better not.

GEORGY. Isn't it wonderful how happy we are! *(They exit R. The girls laugh at RALPH's story.)*

RALPH. Well, if you liked that—listen to this—— *(And goes on telling another story.)*



"SEVEN CHANCES"

See Page 86



"SEVEN CHANCES"

(GARRISON enters L. from garden. Music plays off stage.)

GODDARD. Hello, Garri—what's the matter? You look worried. (*To RALPH and girls*) There's only an hour left of our gay Ladies' Day—hadn't you better make the most of it—dance on?

BETTY. Do let's! Who'll one-step with me?

FLORENCE. Finish the story, Ralph—finish the story.

RALPH. (*As they are going*) And after the young man walked up to the old man, the old man said to the young man, "What's happening?" and the old man said, "I am!" (*And they exit R., laughing.*)

GODDARD. I thought your wife had corralled you and taken you home—where have you been?

GARRISON. Oh, I've just been wandering around—really, I forgot it was Ladies' Day.

GODDARD. Where's Mrs. Garrison?

GARRISON. Why, she's ill.

GODDARD. She was quite all right an hour ago.

GARRISON. I know—I know—but she wasn't feeling well. You know that pain—and then when we got home—appendicitis—and after all these years.

GODDARD. No wonder you look worried, old man.

GARRISON. You see, she's never been really ill before.

GODDARD. It makes a difference, doesn't it?

GARRISON. I should say it does. You said if I had a night out I wouldn't know what to do with it. Look at me.

GODDARD. Does Georgy know—she's still here—(*Starting.*) Shall I—

GARRISON. No—let her have her good time. There's no use worrying her—everything's being done.

GODDARD. (*A pause*) I wonder if I could get you a drink?

GARRISON. No, thanks. I don't want any.

GODDARD. You don't want a drink?

GARRISON. (*A good deal moved*) I've lost my taste for it somehow. Oh, I don't know what's the matter with me! They wouldn't let me stay at the house. I've just been wandering around. They haven't decided yet whether they'll operate. I can't tell you how wretched I've been this last hour. You see—after all, I guess I love her. I'm going back to the house now. I don't know whether they'll let me see her or not—(*'Phone bell*)—but if they do, Mrs. Garrison'll doubt where I've been—what I've been doing—whom I've been seeing.

GEORGE. (*Enters R.*) Mr. Garrison wanted on the telephone.

GARRISON. (*Nervously*) Who is it?

(*GARRISON trembles and then straightens his shoulders.*)

GODDARD. It's all right, old man. I'll answer. (*Goes in to 'phone R.* GEORGE *exits R. with him. The music swells and a boy and girl dance on veranda R.*) Hello—yes, Mr. Garrison's right here.—Won't you let me give him the message?—yes. —What?—good-bye! (*Comes in excitedly.*) Garri—she's all right—it isn't appendicitis, old man! Don't you hear—she's all right! (*Goes to him and shakes him by the shoulders.*)

GARRISON. (*Dazed*) She's all right——

GODDARD. Fine—and waiting to see you.

GARRISON. (*Pulling himself together*) Thank God! (*Turns up, then changes suddenly*) Say, isn't it just like that little devil to worry the life out of me this way? Who asked me to have a drink?

GODDARD. I did.

GARRISON. (*Crosses to door R.*) Well, I'll take it. Come on, Goddard, we'll drink to the best wife a

man ever had—but the most irritating. (GARRI and GODDARD *exit* R.)

(GEORGY and JOE dance on from veranda and start to run off L. when they see JIMMIE coming and run up C. and hide as JIMMIE enters.)

GEORGY. There's Jimmie!

(GODDARD enters R., followed by RALPH.)

RALPH. Oh, Goddard, did I tell you that story about the Sunshine Girl?

GODDARD. Listen, I told you that story yesterday myself.

RALPH. Oh—so you did. (*Sees JIMMIE and crosses to him.*) Oh, Jimmie, can I see you?

JIMMIE. I don't want to hear any stories.

RALPH. No, it isn't that—I've got to see Betty home—her bungalow's about four miles from here and I've only got a dollar—lend me five, will you?

JIMMIE. (*Hands him a bill*) Here's ten.

RALPH. Then—oh, thanks! You know, the last time I got stuck seeing a beautiful girl home she lived in Brooklyn—and believe me, greater love than that hath no man. (*Exits* R.)

JIMMIE. Oh, Goddard, is Anne still here?

GODDARD. Yes, I just saw her dancing.

JIMMIE. If you get the chance, ask her if she will see me out here—alone. Will you, please?

GODDARD. Yes—sure. (*Starts, then looks at JIMMIE and stops.*) What's the trouble, old man—Irene?

JIMMIE. No, that's all right.

GODDARD. Have you told Meek?

JIMMIE. No—he's with his partner.

GODDARD. Then he doesn't know about Irene.

JIMMIE. No, and if you see him, don't say any-

thing about Irene—he might think I was marrying her for his sake.

GODDARD. After all, you are, Jim.

JIMMIE. I know—but I've got to convince him that it's on my own account and for the money.

GODDARD. I understand. I wonder if there's anything I can do?

JIMMIE. Yes—tell Anne, will you?

GODDARD. The fellow on the side lines can't do much but root, and I'm rooting hard. (*Exit L.*)

(LILLY enters.)

JIMMIE. Lilly!

LILLY. (*Entering from terrace*) Jimmie, do you remember what you said to me tonight?

JIMMIE. Not all of it—I said a good deal.

LILLY. Oh, you do remember—that I was sacrificing a very great deal for my very slim chance of finding the one, one man.

JIMMIE. Oh, yes, I remember that.

LILLY. Pretty soon, Jimmie, I shall be like these flowers—it's sort of pathetic, isn't it—for after all—

JIMMIE. They'll wither where they grow—I remember that, too.

LILLY. And is it right that I should ever be like them? Oh, I've thought—and thought—and as I've had my great romance, ought I not forget myself to make you happy?

JIMMIE. No, Lilly—don't forget yourself.

LILLY. Perhaps I do dream too much—perhaps your plain common sense is right—perhaps I may even grow to love you. Jimmie, I will be your wife!

JIMMIE. That's very sweet of you, Lilly—but I'm engaged.

LILLY. What—you've found your great romance—and the one girl?

JIMMIE. Well, I found the one girl who'd have me.

LILLY. And now it's too late. (*Crosses to L.*)

JIMMIE. Yes, I'm afraid it is. (*Goes to R.*) However, if you've nothing important to do, stick around—you never can tell what may happen.

LILLY. Good-bye, Jimmie—life is such a tragedy—the world will say I've been a fool. (*Exits L.*)

JIMMIE. Maybe the world is right.

GEORGE. (*Enters from terrace with letter*) Mr. Shannon, a message for you.

JIMMIE. For me? (*He takes it.*) Did you send that car for Miss Irene Trevor as I asked you?

GEORGE. Yes, sir.

JIMMIE. All right—thank you, George. (*GEORGE starts R.*) “Dear Darling——” Say, George. (*GEORGE stops.*) Are you sure this is for me?

GEORGE. Yes, sir—the lady was most particular, sir. (*Exits R.*)

JIMMIE. (*Reading*) “Dear Darling: I've been thinking over your proposal. After all, second thoughts are best. I'm sure it is a woman's noblest duty to be the mother of a family—of course, not eight or ten, but perhaps four or five—splitting it fifty-fifty—I am waiting for you—I am ready. Affectionately, Peggy.”

(*Music. ANNE enters R.*)

ANNE. Jimmie—Mr. Goddard said you wished to see me—and being naturally curious, here I am.

JIMMIE. It's just that I want you to know something—and to know it first from me. When you accepted me this evening I thought my troubles were over—then when you changed your mind, I determined to let the money go—but I can't. You see, I gave Meekin a stock tip. It's ruined him. The only

way I can repay him is to marry for the money, so I'm engaged.

ANNE. Engaged?

JIMMIE. To Irene Trevor and my birthday's to-day.

ANNE. Today!

JIMMIE. Yes, the papers had it wrong. I must be married by midnight.

ANNE. Well—congratulations, Jimmie. (*Shakes hands.*)

JIMMIE. And you don't mind about Irene?

ANNE. Why should I?

JIMMIE. I don't suppose there's any reason why you should. I hope that some day, Anne, you and that fellow—whoever he is—are going to be very, very happy.

ANNE. No—we're not—that's over.

JIMMIE. I'm sorry, Anne.

ANNE. Are you? (*Looks at him thoughtfully, then impulsively.*) Jimmie—I'm afraid we shan't see much of each other after this——

JIMMIE. Anne—please.

ANNE. Once in a while in the crowd, that's all—so while I have the chance, I'd like to say something. May I?

JIMMIE. Anything.

ANNE. Don't let this money mean too much—get something out of life besides what you pay for. Make—make Irene happy—and sometimes just remember—— Good-bye.

(*MEEKIN enters L. and sees them.*)

JIMMIE. Anne, you're wonderful—adorable! (*He takes her in his arms. She breaks from him and exits R. He turns and sees MEEKIN.*) Meek—what about Yukon?

MEEKIN. Why, it's pretty bad, Jim. (*Trying to*

carry it off cheerfully.) It isn't only being broke—I don't mind that—I've been broke before—but we're way in debt—and the firm's in it, too, deep. Bill and old man Smith—— Smith's half crazy. (JIMMIE gives a half-smothered ejaculation and comes over to MEEKIN.) The creditors gave us till Monday to straighten things out—— Of course I knew we hadn't an earthly chance.

JIMMIE. But I'll fix all that.

MEEKIN. Oh, I knew you'd do anything if you had the money—but if you *didn't* marry tonight—and you *were* pretty emphatic about it—I knew there was nothing you *could* do. And then it suddenly came to me that when you heard about Yukon—you, you poor old sentimental ass—might do some damned silly stunt like marrying some hopeless proposition out of idiotic loyalty to me. So I came back. I couldn't let you do *that*, of course.

JIMMIE. I know, but everything's all right. I *am* going to marry.

MEEKIN. I know you are.

JIMMIE. You know!

MEEKIN. Oh, I couldn't help hearing you tell Anne just now that she was wonderful—adorable. Jove, when I thought the bottom had dropped out of things, to walk in here and find that everything is all right for you—for her—for all of us—— By George, it's wonderful!

JIMMIE. Yes, but you didn't understand.

MEEKIN. It's so much better you didn't take my tip about Marjorie White. Anne's the peachiest girl I know.

JIMMIE. Will you listen to me while I explain.

MEEKIN. I feel as if I ought to kiss her—by Jove, I'm going to—— (*Crosses him to R.*)

JIMMIE. (*Catching his arm*) No—no—you mustn't see Anne.

MEEKIN. Why not?

JIMMIE. Well——

MEEKIN. Aren't you going to be married?

JIMMIE. (*Slowly*) Yes—but not to Anne—to Irene Trevor.

MEEKIN. But just now—here with Anne?

JIMMIE. I know.

MEEKIN. You're not going to marry that little doll-faced baby without any brains?

JIMMIE. Well, Meek, as long as I've known you, and as well as I've liked you, I have never observed any quality in you that would lead me to believe *you* were an authority on brains.

MEEKIN. You're doing this just on account of your tip to me about Yukon—doing exactly what I thought you might.

JIMMIE. No—no—I'm not.

MEEKIN. You've got to call it off.

JIMMIE. No—I can't.

MEEKIN. You mean you'd like to? (JIMMIE *doesn't answer.*) Of course you would! Well, I won't let you marry Irene. I'll stay right here and stop you. I'll tell her—I'll tell everybody!

JIMMIE. I thought you wanted me to marry?

MEEKIN. I did—but not like this—that baby! Jim, it wouldn't be fair. Do you think I'm going to let you ball up your whole life on my account? Not in a million years.

JIMMIE. (*Wearily*) Now see here, Meek; there's no use arguing—it isn't on your account—it's on my own. Twelve million dollars, with all they stand for—do you think I'm going to let them go now when they're so near?

MEEKIN. (*Incredulous*) You mean, you'd do this anyway—marry Irene—if it weren't for Yukon—for me?

JIMMIE. Why, certainly—I'm not a fool. I want that money. Now do you understand?

MEEKIN. I'm afraid I do, Jim, but it doesn't

sound a bit like you. I'm disappointed in you for the first time in my life—mighty disappointed. (*He exits R. on veranda.*)

JIMMIE. Well, if I ever get that money, I'll have earned it.

GEORGE. (*Enters R. with suitcase, cap and duster*) Your suitcase, Mr. Shannon.

JIMMIE. (*Takes them—puts cap on*) Thank you, George. (*GEORGE exits R. IRENE enters L. and comes to JIMMIE.*) Here you are! I was afraid you weren't coming.

IRENE. Wait a minute, Jimmie. When I got back I found this note. (*Holds it out.*)

JIMMIE. I have no time to read notes now.

IRENE. It isn't very long. Please read it.

JIMMIE. But it's getting late. It's after eleven.

IRENE. It won't take a second—and it's very important—please.

JIMMIE. (*Hopelessly opens letter*) Very well. "Dear Irene: I've just patched up the old—old—"

IRENE. (*Prompting from memory*) Canoe——

JIMMIE. (*Reading*) "Canoe. It doesn't leak a bit. We went to the camp across the lake today and toasted—marshmallows"—that right?

IRENE. Marshmallows—yes.

JIMMIE. "Marshmallows. I miss you awfully. Do come back soon. Emily had a dance last night, but I wouldn't go because you weren't there. Yours respectfully, Billy."

IRENE. He's a boy at school, and when I got back I found his picture. Look—— (*She holds it out.*)

JIMMIE. (*Takes it desperately and reads inscription*) "From your devoted admirer, William Long-fellow Smith."

IRENE. Isn't he good looking? He has brown eyes—yours are grey, aren't they?—and oh, I don't know—— Somehow it all made me stop and think. I don't believe I can marry you.

JIMMIE. *What!*

IRENE. You see, you are really awfully old—I'm only sixteen.

JIMMIE. Sixteen! (*Puts down suitcase and looks at her.*)

IRENE. I looked lots older, didn't I? That's because I borrowed Lilly's frock and did my hair up. I'm afraid I fibbed a whole lot. I guess I was just excited when I said yes. Do you mind awfully?

JIMMIE. No—I guess not.

IRENE. Well, you are nice. I thought you'd try and argue me into it.

JIMMIE. No, I guess maybe I am too old—and you're too young—that we didn't love each other enough—that maybe the boy at school——

IRENE. Oh, I'm sure you're right! When I realized I had to leave father and mother, and that next summer I couldn't go canoeing with Billy or dance or talk—not even see him—— When I realized I had to be with you all the rest of my life—I got sort of frightened. I don't suppose you understand.

JIMMIE. Yes—I think I do.

IRENE. Oh, you have surprised me. I thought you'd be terribly upset about the money.

JIMMIE. The money—— I tell you what you do. You go on home now, write Billy, tell him it's all right, that you'll go canoeing again and toast marshmallows and everything's going to be lovely.

IRENE. Oh, you're a perfect peach!

JIMMIE. (*Looking at watch*) You don't mind my hurrying you along—because there are a couple of girls around here I've got to see in the next ten minutes.

IRENE. Oh, no, that's all right. (*Goes to L.*) Thank you for asking me, Jimmie, but I'm so glad I don't have to marry you. (*Exits L.*)

JIMMIE. Forty minutes. (*Goes R. and calls*) Oh,

Peggy—Peggy! (*Music starts. JIMMIE goes to L. and calls*) Lilly—oh, Lilly!

FLORENCE. (*Enters from terrace*) Jimmie, did you call me?

JIMMIE. I didn't, but you'll do. (*Takes her down c.*)

FLORENCE. I've been thinking things over——

JIMMIE. So have I. Listen, do you think if I took up physical culture I could be able to——

PEGGY. (*Enters from up R.*) Oh, Jimmie!

JIMMIE. (*Crosses her to R.*) You're too late.

FLORENCE. (*Catching him by the arm*) What does Peggy want?

JIMMIE. That's what I'm going to find out. (*Goes up to PEGGY.*)

PEGGY. I heard you call me, so I suppose you couldn't get away to the terrace.

JIMMIE. No, I couldn't—just a minute till I get rid of Florence. I want to talk to you. (*Goes back to FLORENCE.*) Peggy wants to talk to me—if you'll just wait in there till I get rid of Peggy——

FLORENCE. I'll wait right here.

JIMMIE. No—you'd better wait up here. I don't want you to hear. You don't mind, do you? (*Taking her up R.*)

FLORENCE. I'll wait forever.

JIMMIE. I won't be as long as that—about five minutes. (*Hurries back to PEGGY.*) Now, Peggy, I can tell you how happy your note made me. Four or five are plenty.

PEGGY. Oh, Jimmie!

LILLY. (*Enters L.*) Jimmie!

JIMMIE. Hello, Lilly. (*Takes PEGGY to chair R.*) Pardon me, Peggy—just sit here a second. (*Goes back to LILLY.*)

LILLY. As I sat out there underneath the stars, I thought I heard your voice.

JIMMIE. (*Hurries over to PEGGY.*) Peggy, Lilly's

got to talk to me. She's an old friend. Three minutes, then I'll get rid of her. Just wait here. You don't mind, do you?

PEGGY. I'll be right here. (*Sits on parapet up c.*)

JIMMIE. (*Brings LILLY down L.C.*) Lilly, are you still dreaming of your flower of love?

LILLY. Indeed I am.

JIMMIE. Here I am.

LILLY. But, Jimmie, you're engaged.

JIMMIE. That's all off.

LILLY. Then you mean that you and I——

JIMMIE. That's what I'm hoping.

BETTY. (*Enters R.*) Hello, Jimmie!

JIMMIE. Hello! You're going?

BETTY. No, I want to talk to you.

JIMMIE. Want to speak to me—— One moment. (*Takes LILLY up L.*) Wait for me here a minute, will you, Lilly? (*Comes back to BETTY.*) Want to speak to me?

BETTY. I've been trying to see you all evening.

JIMMIE. Yes, I have neglected you, haven't I? I suppose you read all about me in the papers?

BETTY. Yes, Jimmie.

MEEKIN. (*Enters R.*) Oh, Jimmie, I've got to see you a minute about your grandfather's will. (*With one accord the girls turn and look at them.*)

JIMMIE. Ssh—ssh! They'll hear you.

MEEKIN. No, they won't.

JIMMIE. Do you think they're deaf?

FLORENCE. (*Coming down*) I'm sorry
I couldn't help hearing.

PEGGY. Neither could I.

LILLY. (*Coming down*) It was about
the will, wasn't it? } (*Together*)

BETTY. What is it?

FLORENCE. About Jimmie's grand-
father? }

MEEKIN. Yes, and naturally, as it's rather personal, I ought to see Jimmie alone.

JIMMIE. What's the difference now—after the way you shouted? Go on, they all heard you.

MEEKIN. Oh, it's the limit!

(RALPH *enters and stands in door R.*)

JIMMIE. Then it's bad news?

MEEKIN. The worst. I found this telegram in the rack for Jimmie. I always open his mail, you know.

JIMMIE. Yes—yes?

MEEKIN. So I couldn't believe it—so I called up Garrison—just caught him as he came in—and he had a wire too from his partners—it's terrible.

JIMMIE. What's terrible?

MEEKIN. A new will has been found disinheriting you.

JIMMIE. What?

MEEKIN. It just arrived in this afternoon's European mail. (ANNE *enters from terrace and stands up C., watching.*) Made abroad a few days before the old man died—all the money goes to the colleges and hospitals.

PEGGY. Do you suppose it's true?

MEEKIN. Of course it's true—it's from his lawyers—you can always believe a lawyer when it's bad news.

JIMMIE. Then I get nothing?

MEEKIN. Nothing. (PEGGY and LILLY *move away to L.*)

JIMMIE. And after all I've been through! (Sinks in chair L. *All move away in groups.*)

LILLY. (Coming to R. of JIMMIE) Never mind, Jimmie! After all, money means so little. Good night.

PEGGY. I think I must be going. Good night, Mr.

Shannon. Coming, girls? (*Goes L. with LILLY.*)

FLORENCE. I'll come with you. It's after eleven. Coming, Betty? (*Goes to girls L.*)

BOTH. Good night, Jimmie. (*The girls exit L.*)

RALPH. (*Shakes JIMMIE's hand*) Sorry, old man—mighty sorry! I'll give you that five tomorrow. (*Starts to go. JIMMIE holds him back.*)

JIMMIE. Ten—I'll need it.

RALPH. (*As he is going out L.*) Wait a minute, Betty—I'm seeing you home.

JIMMIE. Meek—— (*MEEKIN comes down.*) I'm mighty sorry, old man!

MEEKIN. Don't you care about me. I'm just sorry for you, that's all.

JIMMIE. Well, we had a great night, anyhow. (*MEEKIN pats JIMMIE on the shoudler and exits L. The girls are heard singing off L. ANNE comes down.*) Anne, all my party is gone and you're the only one who's left.

ANNE. I'm sorry, Jimmie! What about Irene?

JIMMIE. Oh, that's all over—there was a boy at school.

ANNE. Good for Irene!

JIMMIE. Yes, I was glad, too.

ANNE. And don't care too much about that vanished fortune.

JIMMIE. You've made me understand about that.

ANNE. (*After a pause*) Well, I don't suppose there's any more to be said, is there? I'm going home now—so good-bye. (*Goes L.*)

JIMMIE. (*Crosses to R.*) What a corker you are. Anne! Why didn't you stick to your yes?

ANNE. You ask that now—when there are no millions to be got?

JIMMIE. I do indeed. I need someone to love—someone to love me.

ANNE. Oh, Jimmie, Jimmie—are you trying to catch me on the rebound?

JIMMIE. Oh, why didn't you stick to your yes?

ANNE. Only because of the fortune.

JIMMIE. But that's no reason now—it's gone.

ANNE. I know it is.

JIMMIE. Anne—when I've proved my love—when I've made you believe in me, perhaps you'll let me come to you then and ask you to be my wife. I need you, I want you!

ANNE. Perhaps—perhaps I'll say yes.

JIMMIE. But what about that fellow you love?

ANNE. Stupid, it's you!

JIMMIE. Oh, think of all the years I've wasted!
(*Starts to embrace her.*)

MEEKIN. (*Enters L.*) Hello, there!

JIMMIE. Yes, it would be you at a time like this.

MEEKIN. Well, didn't I tell you I'd fix it?

JIMMIE. Yes, I should say that telegram certainly did fix things.

MEEKIN. (*Triumphantly*) And you thought you were getting away with that talk that you were marrying just for the money when all the time I knew it was only for me—but now I've fixed it.

JIMMIE. You've fixed what?

MEEKIN. Listen—there isn't any new will—you haven't lost the money, and I faked the telegram.

ANNE. What?

JIMMIE. Meek, you did that when it meant what it did to you? You're a prince!

MEEKIN. Oh, I'm not so unselfish. I knew you were keen about Anne, and after I left you I had a chat with Anne. It was a cinch to see how she felt about you—so I thought if I got all the others out of the way, you and Anne would get together—and if you didn't, I've got Marjorie White outside. I proposed to her for you. She's accepted.

JIMMIE. Now you have gone and spoiled things! Anne was all ready to accept me. Still, it doesn't

matter. Anne, in less than an hour I'll be just Jimmie Shannon without any millions. Will you let me ask you then—when the money's really gone forever?

ANNE. When it's really gone—yes, Jimmie, I will.

MEEKIN. Say, what's the matter with you two? Has falling in love made you both crazy? Give up that money? Indeed you won't!

ANNE. Indeed we will.

JIMMIE. I'm going to be just a stock broker.

MEEKIN. Well, be a broker—but you don't *have* to be a fool. Now that you both realize that the millions don't cut any real figure—don't you think you'd be stupid to let them slide?

JIMMIE. (*Looking at ANNE*) Perhaps he's right.

ANNE. I'm sure he is.

JIMMIE. Oh, practical Anne!

ANNE. You can do a lot with it, Jimmie—big things, real things.

JIMMIE. You bet we can—between us, Anne dear, we'll——

MEEKIN. You won't do much with it unless you hustle.

JIMMIE. We've still got thirty minutes.

MEEKIN. Yes, but hurry up—my car's outside.
(*Exits L.*)

JIMMIE. Gee, Anne, I love you!

ANNE. Oh, Jimmie, that's so much better than a sunset on a summer sea.

JIMMIE. I know it is—because I mean it. I've learned a whole lot about girls in the last twenty-four hours.

ANNE. I should think you might after six of them had refused you.

JIMMIE. Six—how did you know?

ANNE. They talked—that's all.

JIMMIE. Just think what an awful risk I ran—suppose I'd married someone else?

ANNE. You did take a chance, didn't you?

JIMMIE. Seven of them—but now I've got you—my lucky seventh.

MEEKIN. (*Enters L.*) Come on—come on—hurry up!

JIMMIE. Great Scott, Anne—I can't marry you!

ANNE. Jimmie!

MEEKIN. What do you mean?

JIMMIE. I never thought of it before.

MEEKIN. Never thought of what before?

JIMMIE. No license—and look at the time!

ANNE. Oh, Jimmie, how could you!

MEEKIN. Never mind the license! The clerk is waiting. It's made out for Marjorie White, but it'll do for you!

(They exit running L.)

CURTAIN

PROPERTY PLOT,

ACT I

ON SET

Cork linoleum down.

Arch R. with domed alcove.

Door in domed alcove R.

Loving cup over door.

Iron grillwork over arch R.

Outside door in domed alcove is seen—

1 Small writing table with—

Writing pad.

Ink-well.

Paper and envelope rack.

Writing paper and envelopes.

Pen rack and pens.

Check book.

Blotters.

Chair at writing table.

Waste paper basket above writing desk.

Picture on wall L. of desk.

Bulletin board on wall above desk.

Bulletins.

Score cards.

Picture on wall R. of desk.

Niche window in down stage side of alcove R.

2 Rows of room keys with metal tags hung on hooks.

1 Key for JIMMIE to take off.

Mail box with 20 pigeon-holes in up stage side of alcove—

Letters of the alphabet on each pigeonhole.

Club bill in envelope for JOE SPENCE in the
S box.

Letter stamped and mailed to BILLY MEEKIN
in the M box.

Letter stamped and mailed to JIMMIE SHAN-
NON in the S box.

Letters, papers and packages sent through the
mail in the other sections.

3 French windows in arches—R.C., L.C., L.

Small green shades to draw up and down on
windows.

A loving-cup is over each arch on shelf.

ON PORCH

Outside the three French windows are seen
trailing vines hanging on the openings.

Outside the French window R.C. are seen—

1 Large wicker armchair.

1 Large extension reclining armchair.

1 Small Japanese tabourette.

Outside French window L.C. is seen—

1 Large wicker armchair.

Outside French window L. is seen—

1 Large wicker armchair.

1 Cushion on floor in corner of porch.

ON STAGE

Large round table down R.C.

On it—

Munsey Magazine.

Tap bell.

Combination match-stand and ash-tray.

Armchair back of table.

2 small chairs, one each side of table.

Small round table up R.C.

On it—

Combination match-stand and ash-tray.

Cosmopolitan Magazine.

Small chair R. of table.

Small chair L. of table.

On it—

Everybody's Magazine.

Small round table up c.

On it—

Telephone.

Combination match-stand and ash-tray.

2 telephone books suspended on hooks underneath—one is a General City Directory and the other is a Suburban Directory, both bound in a special stiff cloth covers.

Small chair R. of table.

Small round table up L.C.

On it—

Combination match-stand and ash-tray.

Saturday Evening Post.

Small chair R. of table.

Small wicker chair down extreme L., faced up stage.

Large round table L.C.

On it—

Pencil.

Pad of paper.

Deck of playing cards in white celluloid case.

Combination match-stand and ash-tray.

Push-button beneath table down stage side.

3 armchairs around table.

OFF RIGHT

6 New York evening papers (3 Posts, 2 Globes, 1 Sun) for JOE.

FOR WAITER: Tray with 3 Bronx cocktails, 1 waiter check, 2 serviettes. Tray with 1 orangeade, 1 orangeade with serviette on plate, 2 Bronx cocktails, 1 iced, 1 waiter

check. Tray repeats with 2 Bronx cocktails, 1 waiter check.

OFF LEFT

Bag of golf sticks for WAITER.

HAND PROPS *for* JIMMIE

Matches in small vest pocket.

Match safe.

2 Cigars.

1 Address notebook and pencil.

Paper money.

For MEEKIN

2 Cigars.

2 Cigarettes.

1 Address notebook and pencil.

For GODDARD

1 Cigar.

6 Cigarettes.

For GARRISON

1 Cigar.

1 Cigarette.

1 Umbrella.

For JOE

3 Cigarettes.

Money in bills and coins.

Cigarette case.

Match safe.

For ANNE

Black leather-covered sketching pad.

Pencil.

ACT II

ON SET

Same set as Act I.

The room is now decorated for Ladies' Day.

Over the arch R. on the grillwork is hung a large

green banner with a large round monogram beneath on which are the words, LADIES' DAY 1916 in white letters.

2 Rosettes are either side of banner.

The banner and rosettes are festooned with red flowers.

In dome are four green drapes hung from shelf beneath four black bowls which are filled with red flowers.

Green silk curtains in window and mail-box.

Red vase filled with black twigs in mail-box.

Over the French window R.C. a black painted trophy.

Over the French window L.C. a standing cupid festooned with red and green flowers.

Over French window L. black painted loving cup.

The shades on French windows are now lowered to mark and each have a red flower fastened to where the cord is attached.

Between the French windows and in the corners of the room and on the down stage corners of the returns are green draperies hung from the ceiling strung on a large brown rope cord which extends around the corner of the ceiling of the room, each drapery is decorated with long white cords tipped with red flowers.

French window R.C. is closed at rise and the French windows L.C. and L. are open.

STRIKE

Large round table R.C.

Large round table L.C.

Small table up R.C.

Small table up L.C.

All chairs.

Move Telephone table down to R.C.

Put telephone box on top of it.

Move telephone box to ring on cue to up R.C. on baseboard on wall.

BRING ON

Wicker 3-seat to L.C. decorated with flowers.

Japanese tabourette to R.C.

Wicker armchair with cushion which was outside French window L.C. to L. of tabourette.

Wicker armchair which was outside French window L. to R. of tabourette.

Small chair to up R.C. for JIMMIE to bring down.

Table with punch-bowl with punch to drink to up c.

Decorated with yellow covers festooned with green flowers.

12 Punch glasses.

Punch bowl festooned with red flowers.

Large banquet table to outside French window up L.C. (This table is divided into two sections so that it can be struck outside porch in two sections.)

1 Large tablecloth on each section.

1 Lamp basket with smilax streamers running down between each place.

6 Table lamps with six shades lighted.

12 Demitasse cups, saucers and spoons.

12 Napkins.

12 Liqueur glasses.

12 Champagne glasses with effervescent apple cider to drink.

12 Place cards.

6 Corsage bouquets of orchids and lilies of the valley for the ladies.

6 Fans for the ladies.

4 Slender silver vases filled with flowers.

9 Chairs about table.

3 Cushions on parapet of porch to complete the twelve places about table.

Tall red and black jardiniere with black twigs
down L. in front of drapery.

HAND PROPS

White gardenia boutonnieres for the men.

Bunch of violets for LILLY.

OFF L.

Robert Chambers novel for IRENE.

ACT III

ON SET

The Porch of the Club.

On the ceiling is an inverted red silk dome with
four streamers of buttercups and daisies
strung from it and fastened about three feet
from the corners on the ceiling.

French window R.

Porch opening up R. to other part of porch off
R. seen through the French windows R.
Green curtains are hung on porch opening
up R.

Up c. is an opening in the parapet of porch
which leads down steps to the terrace.

Opening in parapet of porch L. to off L.

Draped over the French window R. is a festoon
of buttercups and daisies.

Through the French window R. is seen a wire
screen decorated with green leaves.

On either side of French window R. is a potted
twig bush five feet high with red flowers on
top tips of twigs and the bush is tied to a red
pole stuck in the pot.

Through porch opening up R. are seen a red
cushion on parapet of porch and a yellow
cushion on floor.

In upper R. corner is a tall twig tree in pot with
a green lantern lit hung on a goose-neck wire
fastened to trunk.

On either side of this tree is a basket of red flowers, one on the floor R. of it and one on the parapet of the porch L. of it.

There is a festoon of buttercups and daisies strung from this tree into each basket and onto the floor.

1 Pink and 1 purple cushion on parapet of porch up R. of C. opening.

1 Blue and 1 pink cushion on parapet of porch up L. of C. opening.

There is a bamboo canopy hung over C. opening strung with trailing and hanging vines.

In upper L. corner there is another tree (duplicate of the one up R. in corner).

On either side of this tree is a basket of red flowers, one on the parapet of the porch R. of it and one on the parapet of the porch L. of it.

There is a festoon of buttercups and daisies strung from this tree into baskets and onto the floor.

ON SET

1 Light green cushion on parapet of porch up L.
Down L. at corner of return is another potted twig tree taller than the others according to height of the rake of the ceiling at this point and it also has a green lantern hung out on a goose-neck wire attached to the trunk.

On either side of this tree is a basket of red flowers, one on the parapet of porch R. of it and one on the floor below it.

There is a festoon of buttercups and daisies strung from this tree into each basket and onto the floor.

ON STAGE

Wicker armchair with blue cushion down R.C.

Extension reclining wicker chair up R.C. with 1 purple and 1 buff cushion.

Wicker armchair up L. with 1 green cushion.

Wicker armchair down L.C. with odd red cushion.

OFF RIGHT

For Waiter

Suitcase.

Automobile duster.

Auto cap.

For MEEKIN

Telegram in envelope.

OFF CENTER

For Waiter

Written letter page.

Silver salver.

OFF LEFT

For IRENE

Robert Chambers novel same as Act II.

Written letter page.

Photo of young man with the inscription:

“From your devoted admirer,

“WILLIAM LONGFELLOW SMITH.”

LIGHT PLOT

ACT I

FOOT LIGHTS

One circuit amber full up.

TORMENTORS

Four 500 Watt babies R. and L. Amber and frost.

One 150 Watt chaser R. and L. Amber.

LEFT SIDE, *First Entrance*

One five-light amber strip.

One 1000 Watt nitro lense amber on door.

One four light 250 Watt each bunch amber on wood wing.

Second Entrance

One four light bunch of 250 Watt each front and amber.

Porch

Two reflectors on either side of L.C. door. Amber.

RIGHT SIDE, *First Entrance*

One five light amber strip.

One 500 Watt baby on window. Amber.

Porch

One four light bunch of 250 Watt each. Frost and amber.

BACK DROP, R. *side*

One four light bunch of 250 Watt each. Amber.

One 1000 Watt nitro lense. Amber.

One 12 light amber strip on floor.

Center

One 12 light amber strip on floor.

One 6 light strip of 250 Watt each. Amber hanging.

Left side

One 12 light amber strip on floor.

One four light bunch of 250 Watt each. Frost and amber.

INSIDE SET

Concert border.

Two hanging lamps.

Telephone up stage c. and bell box.

ACT II

FOOT LIGHTS

One circuit amber open down on dimmer, on cue up to one-half, then slowly up to three-quarters.

One circuit blue opening one-half up.

BORDERS

Concert border open on mark and come up full up on the same cue as amber foots.

Cue for both—

Directly after dinner scene WAITER comes on and presses push button R. side of stage.

Borders in two, three and four, three circuits blue full up.

Two 6 light strips of 250 Watt each hanging on fourth border blue.

LEFT SIDE, *First Entrance*

One 12 light blue strip.

One 4 light bunch 250 Watt each blue.

Third Entrance

One ripple on back drop.

RIGHT SIDE, *First Entrance*

One 5 light amber strip.

One 500 Watt baby amber on window.

PORCH

Two reflectors, amber, on either side of L.C. door so placed to cover table.

Two 4 light bunch lights of 250 Watt each, blue, on either side of L.C. door.

One 500 Watt baby, amber and frost, on L. side of L.C. door so placed to cover MR. CRAVEN at table.

Six table lamps distributed around table.

One flower basket with three 40 Watt amber lamps in center of table.

Cue for Porch Lights

WAITER pulls slip connector on table lamps and flower basket center of table. Stand ready to pull plugs on reflectors, bunches and the 500 Watt baby on MR. CRAVEN with him.

PORCH, *Right Side*

One four light bunch of 250 Watt each, blue, on extreme R. side.

BACK DROP, *Right Side*

One 4 light bunch of 250 Watt each, blue, on back drop.

INSIDE OF SET

Two hanging baskets.

One hanging wreath.

Cue for both—

Out at rise, come on when Waiter presses button on R. side of stage.

One telephone on table R.

Bell-box on set R., and magnet outside to ring box on cue.

ACT III

FOOT LIGHTS

Open amber foot one-eighth up and work up slowly to one-half during "Sweet Adeline" song.

Blue one-half up at rise.

BORDERS

Second and third border and hanging strips, blue, full up at rise.

Concert border opens on mark and works slowly up with the foots during "Sweet Adeline" song to mark.

LEFT SIDE, *First Entrance*

Two 4 light bunches of 250 Watt each, blue, on wood wing.

One 1000 Watt nitro lense, blue and frost, on chair c. stage.

Second Entrance

One 4 light blue bunch of 250 Watt each.

One 1000 Watt nitro blue on stairs on stage.

Seven orange lanterns so arranged to start at arch L. with the tallest and to finish back of stairs with the smallest.

RIGHT SIDE, *First Entrance*

One 4 light amber bunch to shine on stage.

Up Back Center

Ripple on center of drop.

INSIDE OF SET

One bracket hanging over door R.

One basket in center of ceiling.

Three green lanterns on trees.

TORMENTORS

Open on mark and work slowly up to mark during "Sweet Adeline" song.

BACK DROP

PORCH

CHAIR

PORCH CHAIR

DOUBLE DOORS

CHAIR

LETTERS

TELEPHONE

DOOR

CHAIR

TABLE

CHAIR

CHAIR

DOUBLE DOORS

CHAIR

CHAIR

ARMCHAIR

DOUBLE DOORS

CHAIR

TABLE

CHAIR

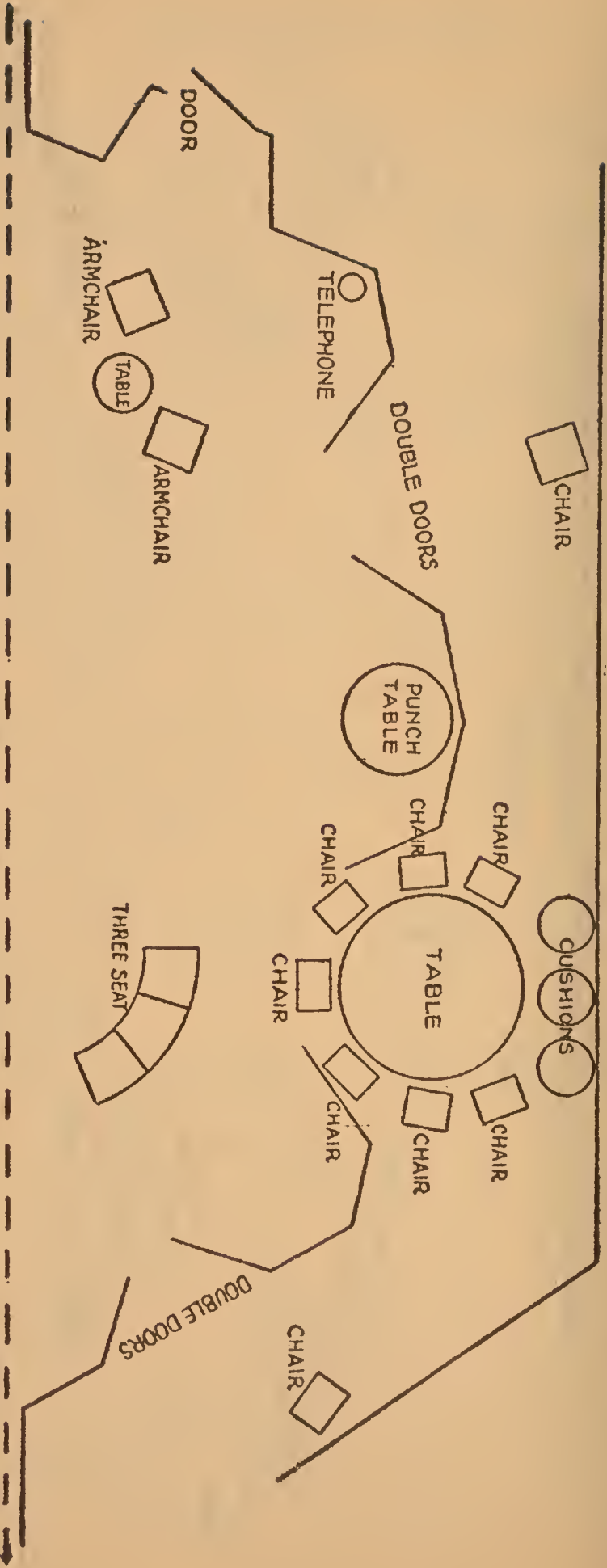
CHAIR

CHAIR

SEVEN CHANCES

SCENE DESIGN - ACT I

BACK DROP



SEVEN CHANCES
SCENE DESIGN - ACT II

BACK DROP

BUSHES

STEPS

PORCH CHAIR

CHAIR

PORCH

ARMCHAIR

CHAIR

PORCH

DOUBLE DOORS

DOUBLE DOORS

ARMCHAIR

SEVEN CHANGES
SCENE DESIGN - ACT III

The Famous Mrs. Fair

A play in 4 acts. By James Forbes, author of "The Commuters", "The Traveling Salesman", etc. 3 males, 10 females. 2 interiors. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Mrs. Fair was a major abroad and won a medal for bravery. Her husband was displeased when Mrs. Fair came home to a fame which lifted her out of his life. The dissatisfaction grew as she became absorbed in public functions. Mr. Forbes traces the widening of the rift between husband and wife with great skill in the first two acts. These are light comedy. In the third the mood becomes serious and we find that Mrs. Fair's absence from home has set the husband to philandering and the daughter to intimacy with a gay set. Indeed, only through the joint efforts of husband and wife to save the girl from danger, is harmony again established.

A true comedy, written with keen insight. Royalty, \$35.00. Price, 75 cents.

Nothing But the Truth

Comedy in 3 acts. By James Montgomery. 5 males, 6 females. Costumes, modern. 2 interiors. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Is it possible to tell the absolute truth—even for twenty-four hours? It is—at least Bob Bennett, hero of "Nothing But the Truth", accomplished the feat. The bet he made with his business partners, and the trouble he got into is the subject of William Collier's tremendous comedy hit. "Nothing But the Truth" can be whole-heartedly recommended as one of the most sprightly, amusing and popular comedies. Royalty, \$25.00. Price, 60 cents.

On the Hiring Line

Comedy in 3 acts, by Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford. 5 males, 4 females. 1 interior. Costumes, modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

Sherman Fessenden, unable to induce servants to remain at his Jersey home, hits upon the expedient of engaging detectives as domestics.

His second wife, an actress, weary of the country, has succeeded in discouraging every other cook and butler against remaining long, believing that she will convince her husband that country life is dead. So she is deeply disappointed when she finds she cannot discourage the new servants.

The sleuths, believing they are called to report on those living with the Fessendens, warn Fessenden that his wife has been receiving love-notes from an actor friend, and that his daughter is planning to elope with a supposed thief.

One sleuth causes an uproar making a mess of the situations he has witnessed. Fessenden, however, has learned a lesson and is willing to leave the servant problem to his wife.

Enjoyed long runs in New York and Chicago. Royalty, \$25.00. Price, 75 cents.

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Daddy Long-Legs

A charming comedy in 4 acts, by Jean Webster. 6 males, 7 females, and 6 orphans, but by easy doubling of some characters, may be played by 4 males, 4 females and 3 orphans. The orphans appear only in the first act and may be played by small girls. 4 easy interiors. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

The New York Times wrote the following:

"If you will take your pencil and write down, one below the other, the words delightful, charming, sweet, beautiful and entertaining, and then draw a line and add them up, the answer will be 'Daddy Long-Legs'. To that result you might even add brilliant, pathetic and humorous, but the answer even then would be just what it was before—the play which Miss Jean Webster has made from her book, 'Daddy Long-Legs'. To attempt to describe the simplicity and beauty of 'Daddy Long-Legs' would be like attempting to describe the first breath of Spring after an exceedingly tiresome and hard Winter."

Enjoyed a two-years' run in New York and was then toured for over three years. Royalty, \$25.00. Price, 75 cents.

To the Ladies

A hilarious comedy in 3 acts, by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. 11 males, 3 females. 3 interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

The authors of "Dulcy" have divulged a secret known to every woman—and to some men, though the men don't admit it.

The central figures are young Leonard Beebe and his wife Elsie, a little girl from Mobile. Leonard is the average young American clerk, the kind who read all the "Success" stories in the magazines and believe them. Elsie has determined to make him something more. She has her hands full—even has to make an after dinner speech for him—but she does it and the play shows how.

Helen Hayes played Elsie and Otto Kruger impersonated Leonard in New York, where it ran a whole season. Here's a clean and wholesome play, deliciously funny and altogether a diverting evening's entertainment. Royalty, \$25.00. Price, 75 cents.

Three Live Ghosts

Comedy in 3 acts by Frederick Isham and Max Marcin. 6 males, 4 females (2 policemen). 1 interior throughout. Costumes, modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

"Three Live Ghosts" is brim full of fun and humor and is sure to keep audiences in gales of laughter. The New York critics described it as the most ingenious and amusing comedy of the season, genuinely funny. It played a full season in New York, then toured the big cities. A lively comedy of merit. Royalty, \$25.00. Price, 75 cents.

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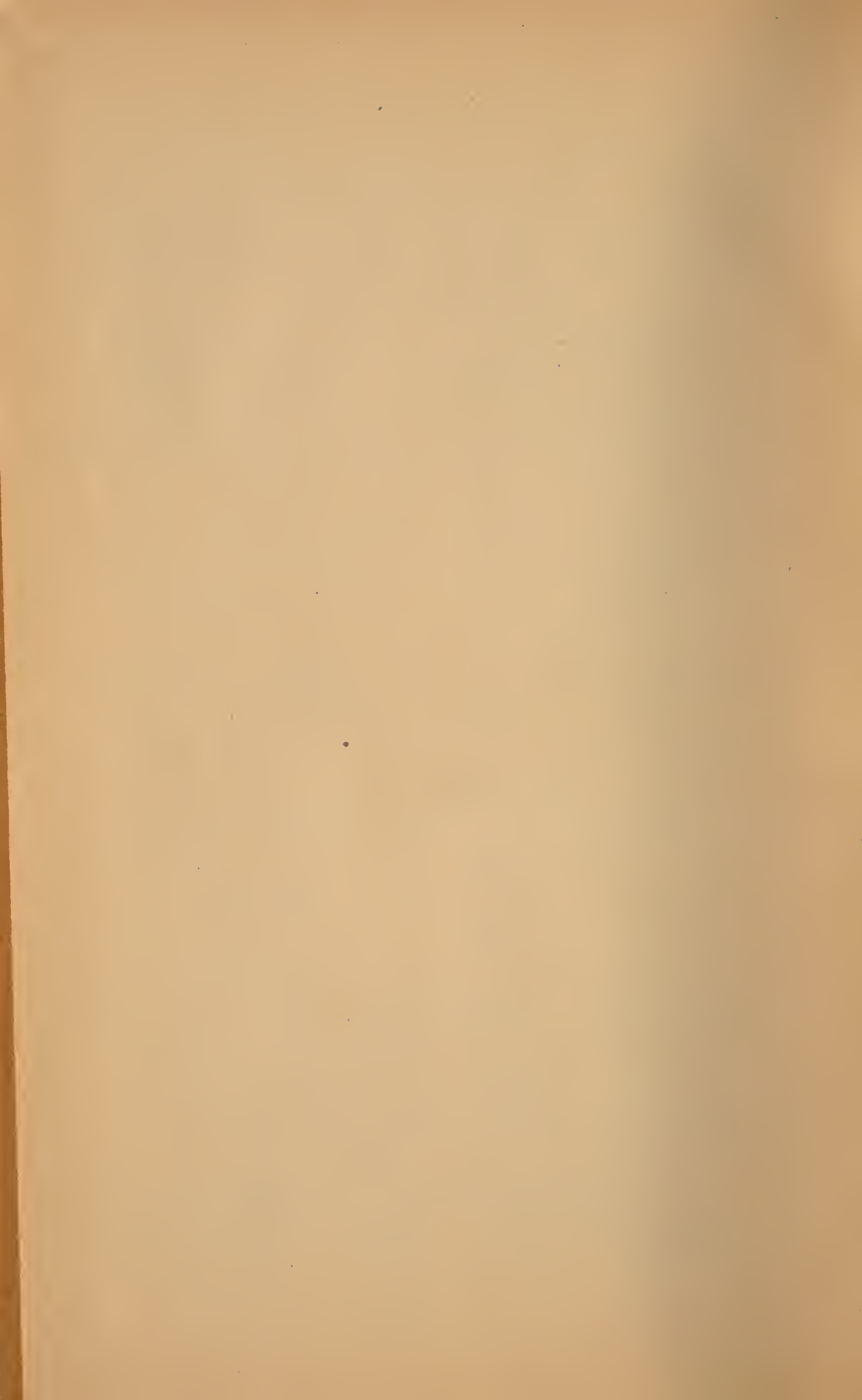
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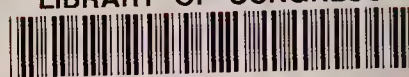
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